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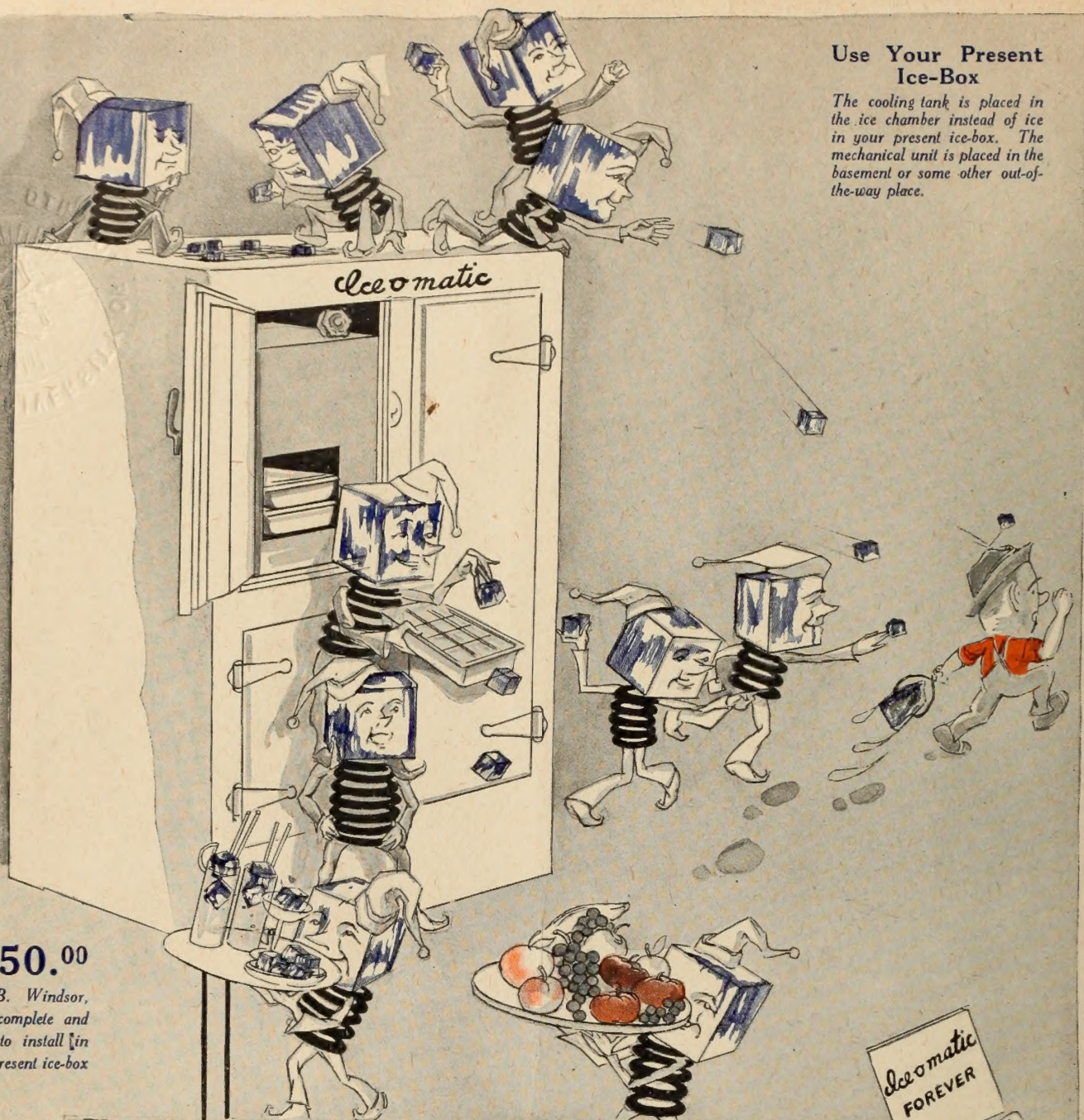
September
Price 25 Cents

THE POLITE CADDY

W. H. Harrison

Use Your Present Ice-Box

The cooling tank is placed in the ice chamber instead of ice in your present ice-box. The mechanical unit is placed in the basement or some other out-of-the-way place.



\$250.00

F. O. B. Windsor,
Ont., complete and
ready to install in
your present ice-box

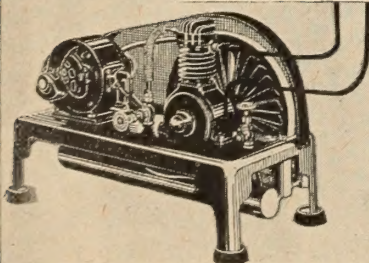
In the dark and worried past,
We fussed with ice that did not last.
Then, one bright and happy day
The Little Ice Cubes came our way.

Behold! The Ice-man comes no more
To leave his mud tracks on the floor.

It really was an awful price
We had to pay for melting ice.

Now, in a manner automatic,
Our food is just as in the Arctic.
Our drinks keep cool, desserts so nice,
With *Ice-O-Matic* cubes of ice!

ICE-O-MATIC REFRIGERATION COMPANY, LIMITED
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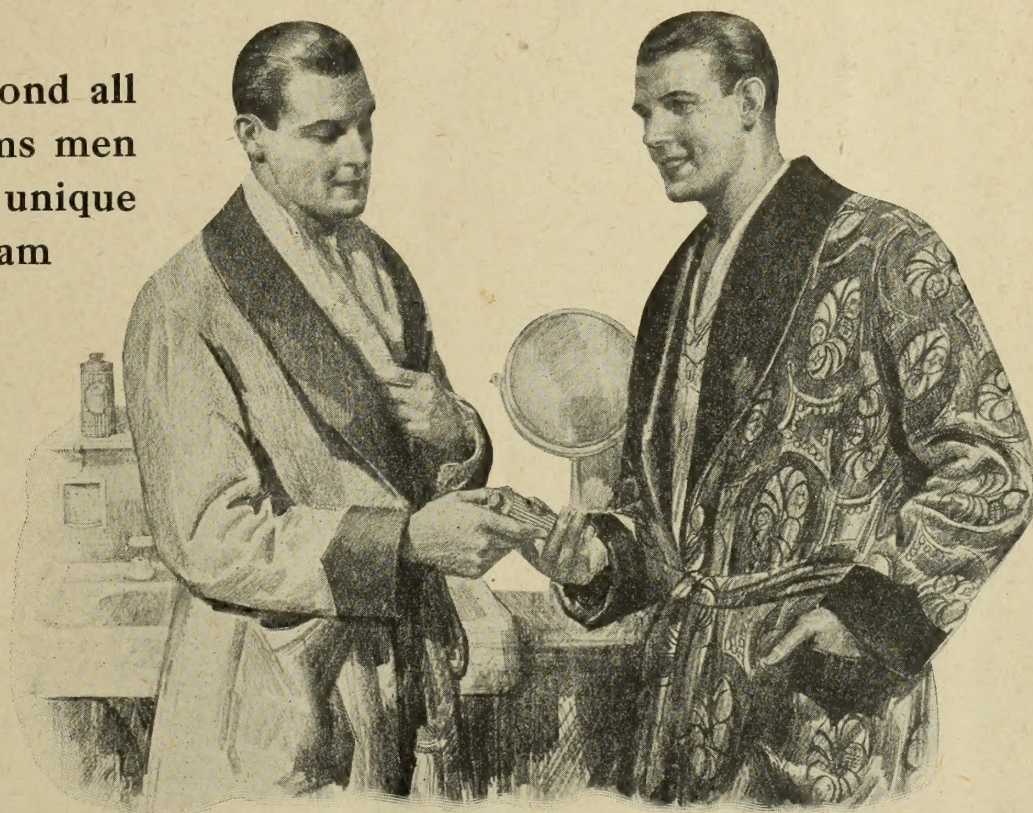


Ice-O-Matic Refrigeration

Your first shave

will prove, beyond all doubt, the claims men make for this unique shaving cream

Let us send you a 10-shave tube to try



WE'VE built Palmolive Shaving Cream to a national business success by making few claims for it. We let it prove its case by sending a 10-day test tube free to all who ask.

In that way, we've gained leadership in a highly competitive field in only a few years. Nearly all of the men who once *try* this unique creation become regular users.

Thus we are sure we have a preparation that will surpass your present favorite. In your interest and in ours, will you accept a trial tube, and find out?

130 formulas tried

Before offering Palmolive Shaving Cream, we asked 1,000 men their supreme desires in a shaving cream. Then met them exactly.

We tried and discarded 130 formulas before finding the right one. We put our 60 years of soap experience behind this creation. The result is a shaving cream unlike any you have ever tried.

Five advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

Made in Canada



10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1214, The Palmolive Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

.....
.....

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED 3259C
Montreal - Toronto - Winnipeg

The Happiness Boys



"THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' LIKE GOOD HONEST LABOR TO KEEP YOU OUTA MISCHIEF, BILL."

"YOU SAID IT, MIKE. IF WE WASN'T RUNNIN' THIS LOAD NOW WE MIGHT BE HANGIN' AROUND SOME POOL-ROOM."

Goblin

Warm Weather Verses

WHEN the snow clings to the
steeple
And a moon is on the snow,
The peculiar forest people
Through the sleeping hamlets go.

From an elfland forest darkling
Come these travellers of the
night,
On the crisping snow and darkling,
Walking in the cold moonlight.

Village folk who keep awake,
Listening at the frosted glass,
Hear these stranger footfalls make
Crunchings as the pixies pass.

*Reader, I'm not certain whether
Snow sounds come from fairy feet,
But this talk of wintry weather
May distract you from the heat.*

—R. E.

Too Good

Boarding house-keeper to new
cook: I am afraid that I cannot
keep you after this week—you are
not what I wish.

Cook: But the boarders seem
extra well satisfied.

B.H. keeper: That's just the
trouble.

—F.H.B.

A Few Summer Memories

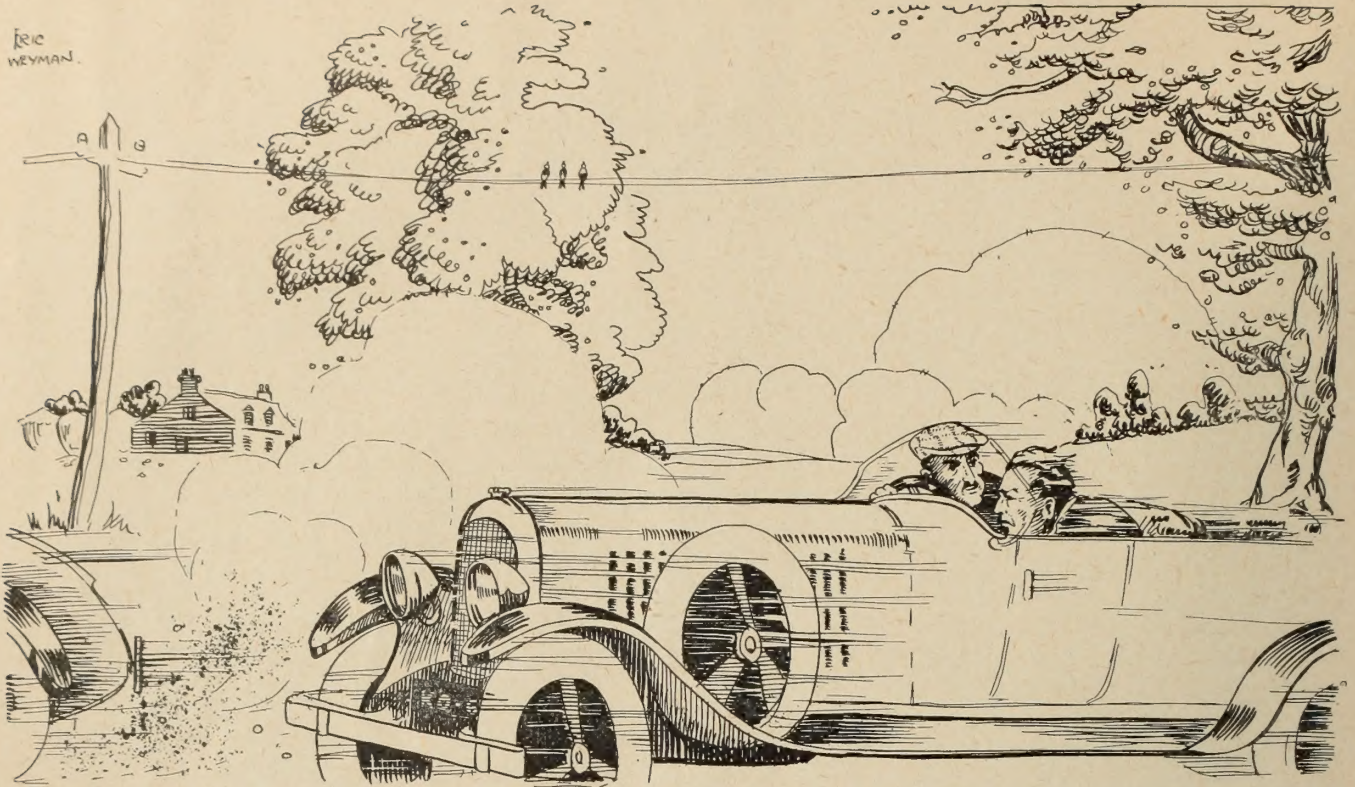
The outing expedition to Lake
Motonksaw, during which it con-
stantly rained pitchforks, the guide
disappeared, and all the hootch
gave out . . . the yachting party
that terminated in everyone be-
coming desperately sea-sick, and
the craft capsizing . . . the road-
side picnic that revealed the exist-
ence of snakes, hungry and can-
tankerous tramps, trespassing signs
and all varieties of insects . . .
the afternoon on the beach that
subsequently necessitated three
days in bed, swathed in Carron oil
poultices . . . the game of bridge
on the train to Gloomhurst, that
left me broke for the following two
weeks . . . the dance at the Wil-
lingby's, during which I concluded
my balancing feat on top of the
piano by falling clean through the
bass drum . . . the lesson of
mah-jongg, given me after seven
iced teas by old Mrs. Fitzspifkin
. . . the game of golf at Little
Valley, during which I broke three
windows of the club house . . .
the daily platitudes on the train to
Hamptonville . . . those pale
Sunday mornings after those
flushed Saturday nights at the
Sparkington's.

—Charles G. Shaw.



*Maude: "Men don't interest me. I have said 'No' to too
many of them."*

Archie: "What were they selling?"

ERIC
WEYMAN.

"Jones is so old-fashioned."

"Why so?"

"He always goes back after hitting anyone."

Colored Strategy

The domestic felicity of the recently-reconciled Mose Johnsons was hanging by a thread. There was fire in Mrs. Johnson's eye and a stove poker in her capable hand when she stormed out into the

back yard where her unbleached better half was sunning himself.

"Where's dat four-bits Ah had in de vinegar jug?" she demanded ominously.

"Now don't excite yo'se'f, honey," was the soothing reply.

"Ah kin explain if you'll gib me time. Ah borrowed dat fo'-bits to git you a birthday present."

"What kind ob a present?" was the slightly mollified inquiry.

"A sho'-nuff present," Mose asseverated. "Ah had your initials tattooed right oveh mah heart."

"Show me dem nishels!"

Opening his shirt for his still somewhat skeptical spouse, Mose exposed a generous expanse of ebony cuticle and said, "Dere dey is!"

"Ah don't see nuffin' but a lot ob black buzzem," Mrs. Johnson declared.

"Ob course you don't, sugar," Mose admitted. "Dey was out ob everythin' but invisible ink."

—J. H. S.

Believe It or Not



Stevenson Done Over

The world is so full of a number of people,

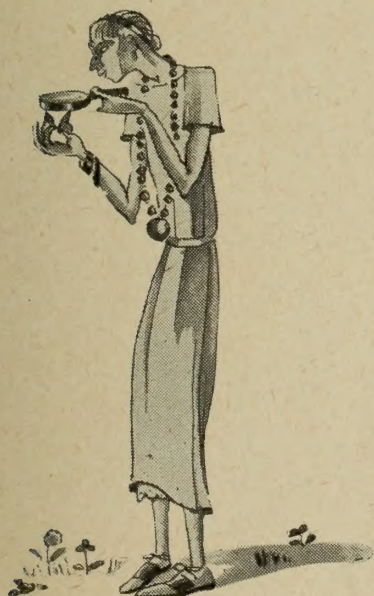
I think I shall leap from the city hall steeple. —R. E.



The best argument against summer boarding houses is little Percy. Percy is expert in all those cute little childish tricks which those who really understand and love little boys appreciate.

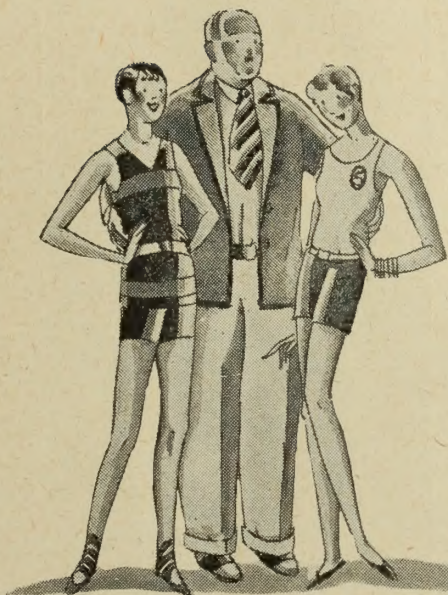
"My little gentleman must wash his little pads," says gentle mama.

"Try and make me!" says the little gentleman, whose dear little pads are holding a garter snake behind his back.



Miss Symphosia Perkins is a virgin ardently addicted to science, bugs being her preference. "The district around Kozyholme just abounds in queer specimens," she says, with a good deal of truth.

Souvenirs of Summer



Here we have a cheerful group posing for a snap. Mr. Harold Blah, the sausage king, is the only eligible man at Kozyholme. Never having enjoyed such popularity before, Mr. Blah is a bit fussed. He would exchange weenies for weiners any day.



Mae Smith, depicted above, has a flair for the Spanish. She is not really such a hussy as she appears to the rocking-chair brigade, in spite of the scenery and—horrors!—cigarette. In civilian clothes she is a lady saleswoman for EZ-FitKnicker. She retires at ten and believes that heaven and her own powerful right arm will protect the working girl.



No summer place is complete without these guardians of public morality. The two graphically pictured above have just completed the invention of Mr. Blah's romantic past, and are duly shocked by the result of their efforts. Mr. Blah would be highly complimented.

It Ain't No More Than Fair

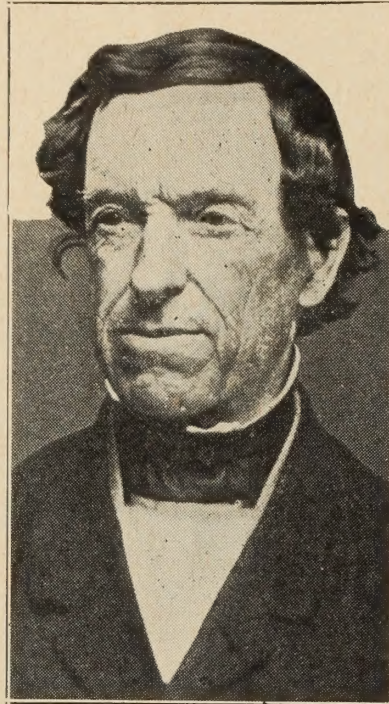
A Few Words Regarding Equality of the Sexes with Especial Regard to Beauty Contests and a Lovely Candidate

By J. E. McDOUGALL

CONSIDERING the tremendous success of the beauty contests for young women, the thinking citizen cannot fail to realize that it is only a question of time before the males of the continent will rise to claim their equal rights. In the animal kingdom it is more often than not the male who does the dazzling and the female who is dazzled. It is the lion who flaunts the mane and the peacock who struts his stuff before the more self-effacing hen. In the course of evolution (musn't say the naughty word), however, man has lost out. With the exception of the occasional church parade, the youth and beauty of the sterner sex has been relegated to the background. Is it right? Is it British justice? Certainly not. Let us by all means trot out our good-looking men and give the girls a thrill. With a strong conviction in the ultimate triumph of equal rights for men and in anticipation of the glorious day, GOBLIN has selected its candidate for the title of Mr. Canada, in the person of Mr. Jeremy Apple. Mr. Apple has agreed to be content for a few weeks with the title of Mr. Toronto, the Queen*



Jerry is a keen sportsman



Jerry, himself, showing the smile that he hopes will win him the coveted title of Mr. Canada.

City being the place of his birth.

Jerry is just a home boy with a natural fondness for good clean fun, his favorite sports being parchesi and helping his mother tidy up the living room. He is also said to wave a mean dish-towel. Although just turned sixteen, he has an imposing list of triumphs to his credit, his first victory being at the famous Port Credit baby show of 1869, when he captured first prize, a pretty blue ribbon. A photograph of Mr. Apple taken at this time will appear in the January, 1932, GOBLIN, censors permitting. (Order your copy now.—Adv.)

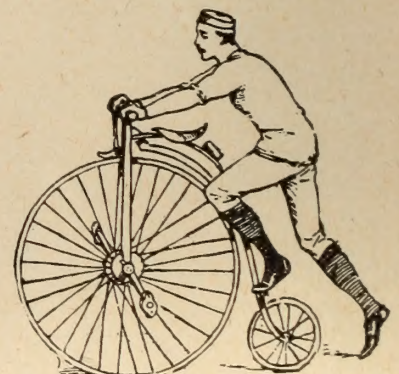
Mr Apple stands four feet three in his stocking feet and eight feet six on his nice new stilts. Mr. Apple has hair. It is as black in colour as midnight in a coal mine.

*"King City" by proposed change.

Asked about the well-known preference for blondes, he declared that he had nothing to Loos.

Picture eyes the colour of the Adriatic, the deep, unforgettable blue of the laughing Mediterranean waters under a tropic sky. Mr. Apple's eyes are brown and intelligent. Looking into them one would almost say he was thinking. Indeed with very little training he has learned to speak, beg and roll over and play dead.

Training quarters for Mr. Apple have been established at Leaside and almost any fine morning nowadays when the sun is rising he may be seen in his running shorts poring over his postage stamp album or posing for his photograph. This is followed by a brisk rub-down and a light breakfast of corn beef and cabbage, oysters, egg plant, braised sweetbreads, combination salad and mock turtle soup topped off by meringue glacé or coup Jacques. This is followed by three doctors and a pulmotor, stomach pump or what have you. From ten to eleven Mr. Apple practices walking the length of a platform under scrutiny. A specially constructed board walk has been specially constructed, and on it Mr. Apple practises bored walking. A squad of ogles, laughingly referred to by



Jerry off for the day

Mr. Apple as his sparring partners, has been engaged to ogle him during this arduous exercise.

Asked about what he thinks of his chances of copping the coveted title, Mr. Apple expressed the greatest confidence.

"Tell them," he said, "that I was never in better condition. As far as I am concerned there will be no alibis. I know that it is bound to be a gruelling contest, but I am ready. I hear that out west there is a man with eyelashes an inch long, but I expect that when the contest takes place shorter lashes will be *de rigueur*, if not positively *ex post facto* or *e pluribus unum*. A good many newspaper Cassandras have been making capital of the fact that my waist measures sixty-two inches. Tell them that when I ascend to the throne of Beauty it will never be better filled. Remember, I have a few tricks up my sleeve. I bear no malice toward my rivals and only hope that the best man may win."

Regarding the ominous reference to "a few tricks up his sleeve," Coach McGarrity was silent but it is confidently anticipated in well-informed circles that this will take the form of a last minute switch from a boyish bob to a



Absent-minded Prof.: "I knew I'd been taking peas for my asthma and now I know where I put the pills."

prison shave. Apple is known to be a shifty battler and the fans are on their toes watching for the next move.

Regarding his future plans after he wins the title, Mr. Apple speaks with restraint. He admitted however, that as far as the movies were concerned, producers might as well stay at home and look after their knitting. "However," he mused, "an offer of \$100,000 to enter the movies would make me think." If it does it will be the first time on record. Mr Apple did not say what he expected it would make him think, but it is understood that his press agent is at present working on some suitable thoughts. Many beauty contestants have made wealthy marriages and it would not come altogether as a surprise to close observers if some rich old butter-and-egg woman grabbed Jerry off after the finals are over. Even now his mail is extremely heavy on

the first of every month. His telephone was taken out last Thursday by the telephone company.

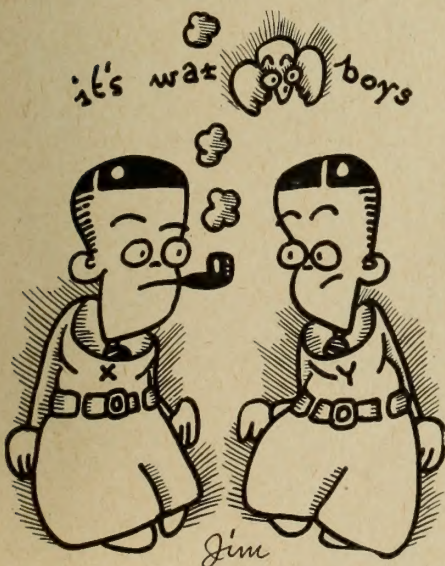
"No girl can get my number now," was Mr. Apple's wise crack.

The general consensus of opinion is that everybody ought to get behind Jeremy Apple and boost. A victory for Jerry is a victory for his home town. Opportunity to meet the future champion will be afforded the public in the near future when it is expected that he will address a number of organizations on "Cross Stitching as an Indoor Sport" or "A Mother's Influence." Additional photographs of Mr. Apple are on view at police headquarters.

* * *

Exposed

"I was refused dissolution," wailed the plaintiff as he left the divorce court. "I was refused dissolution after they had probed my customs."



"Do you like cod-fish balls, Mr. Whimp?"

"I dunno; I never attended any."

To Fulvia

When you shall, with the daughters of all time,
Pass to the gloom and unremembering halls
Of Pluto, with the far-off masque and mime
Under the sun, forgotten—his dark walls
Wearied with all the ages, yet will glow
One moment at your passing, and the shades
Dim-thronging, draped and silent, shall but know
Some princess comes from Earth's forgotten glades...

But I shall turn vague, vacant, wondering eyes,
That have not known of life since Lethe-shore,
Upon you . . . and the far, dim memories
Of sunlight and of love shall wake once more,
In vision of that bright, immortal head,
Which brings such alien glory to the dead.

—Joseph Schull.

* * *

Never Slight a Hunch

Mr. and Mrs. Bam were sitting quietly in the library after dinner. The phone rang and Mr. Bam answered it. Suddenly he dropped the receiver, snatched up his hat from the table and started to dash from the room.

"Where and why are you leaving in such a hurry?" she asked him.

"Well, Smith next door wants to borrow my corkscrew," answered Bam, as he dashed madly from the room.

* * *

Evolution!

Miss Relax: "Why did you leave him?"

Miss Reflux: "Well, he couldn't make home brew like father used to make!"

As the Novelists Have It



"As he looked out the window a beautiful picture met his eye."



"Why did Mr. Brown leave his wife?"
"Nobody knows."
"How terrible!"

Pretty Work, Brothers!

The minister had just preached a very strong sermon against the drink evil and in closing the sermon had stated heatedly, "If I had my way all strong drink would be poured in the river."

Then as the closing song the choir sang, "Shall we gather at the river?"



Hank: "Did you sound out your family about you and me getting married?"

Eula: "Yes, and dad sounded the worst!"

The Boarder's Certainty

I do not know from week to week
What shifts Dame Fortune has in store,
Or what 'rooftree
Will cover me
When darkness gathers at my door.

I do not know from day to day
What mystery a meal will bring;
What bird or beast
Will grace our feast,
Or if I'll get a neck or wing.

I do not know the fateful hour
When I shall journey down the stair,
And stand before
The bathroom door,
And find no boarder bathing there.

I do not know if I shall find
A heatless room beneath the beam,
But this I know,
Where'er I go,
The milk will be devoid of cream.

—Robert D. Little.

Epitaph Found in a Seaport Churchyard

When I had lain, throughout a summer's day,
Seeing the tall sails glinting dark and light
Upon the sapphire waters of the bay,
Seeing, half sleeping, in a vague delight,
The earnest little fish-boats beat their way
Beyond the headland waters bubbling white,
Gazing the while the purple sea, away
Upon my farthest, drowsed sun-joggled sight,
Upreared a slim tornado tree of grey—
A towering smoke-tree on the rounding height—
A tree which drew, as trees draw sap in May,
From out the deep, a ship, this man, John Dwight
Climbed and stood puffing near me where I lay.

"The view from here is certainly all right.

"It is the berries." Thus I heard him say.

"Good land for subdivision? Well, it might . . .

"Ya, easy sewers. I could make it pay."

I rose and my brown fists were doubled tight,
I wished, intended and commenced to slay.

—R.E.

* * *

Tempus Fugit

The Captain of the ship to which the young midshipman had been assigned was an old friend of the young man's father.

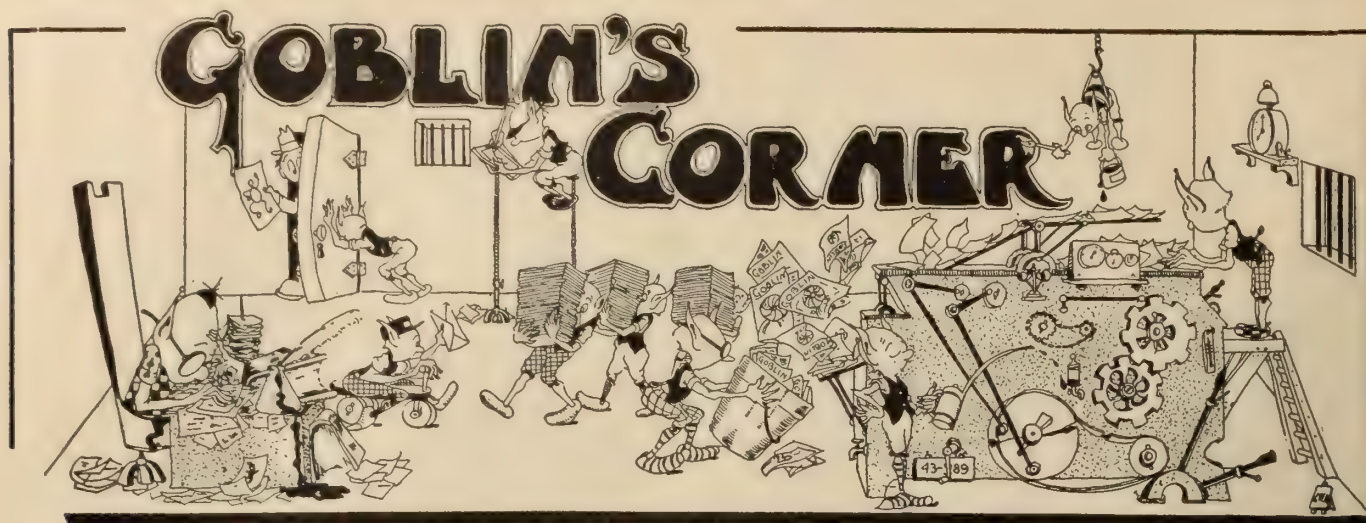
Being endowed with a rich sense of humour, the Captain said to the young midshipman, when he reported to him, "Well, sir, I suppose they have sent the fool of the family to sea as they used to do."

"Well, really, I don't know for sure, sir," answered the young man hesitatingly, "but I think they've changed that since you were young!"



"Now, what happens in the event of your wife predeceasing you?"

"She don't get a blamed cent, that's what!"



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Managing Editor—J. E. McDougall

Humour Out of Place

FOR generations humour has been regarded as one of the foremost engines of reform. Precarious the position of the statesman whose enemies have ridicule as their ally! Many of the world's greatest evils have been laughed out of existence.

There are, however, some situations in combatting which, humour becomes no longer conceivable. For example, war. Reggie booted, spurred and swaggering was an amusing subject for the witty pen, but Reggie entraining for the front or in the casualty list is a different matter.

The prohibition quip is fast becoming bad taste. The bitter satire contained in the popular phrase, "Bone Dry," is causing its decline as a subject for vaudeville skits. Nothing has so served to hasten its metamorphosis as far as Canada is concerned as the recent poisoning horror with its toll of misguided or innocent victims.

The prohibition problem has taken on so grim an aspect that it has become an occasion for drastic and immediate action. One would expect to turn for the solution to those minds which have conceived and those hands which have furthered the prohibition idea in Ontario. With this in mind, let us read the words of the Rev. Ben. H. Spence, head of the Ontario Prohibition Bureau, and whose voice we may regard as practically official, as reported in the *Toronto Daily Star* on July 26, by way of comment upon the wood alcohol holocaust.

"The large bootlegging organizations do not deal in moonshine, but in the real goods. Do away with the good liquor and you will cut forever the nerve of the moonshiner.

"The bootlegger deals with two classes of society, its froth and its dregs. People buy liquor from the bootlegger always in the hope of getting good stuff. If you cut out the hope of getting good stuff, you cut out forever the moonshine trade. The present real problem then is that of the regulation of illicit traffic in the good liquor. I do not believe the manufacture of moonshine is on the increase."

By these words the reverend gentleman implies complete willingness on his part to sacrifice a sufficient number of lives by way of "cutting out the hope of getting good stuff," to establish a perfect temperance of fear. The Rev. Mr. Spence makes this statement in spite of the well known fact that arrests are being made daily of wretches who will go to the length of drinking canned heat, ether, toilet waters or whatever is obtainable and suspected of containing alcohol. He says this in spite of the statement made in the next column of the same issue of the *Star* that "The illicit still is an ever increasing evil."

To the average citizen such remedies as are proposed by prohibitionists of the Spence school must plainly bear the stamp of fanaticism, a mode of thought and action which has, we find, by perusing history's pages, a very limited number of reforms to its credit. The time has come for sane and level-headed handling of a crucial situation and cool heads and impartial minds are needed before a repetition of past disasters shall cause the swing of the pendulum to intemperance at the other extreme.

Potage Canadien

A New Pastime

Slowly but surely, in the distant corners of the world, and in our own familiar streets, clever minds are plotting and deft fingers are working in the furthering of the great movement of Uglification. Suddenly in our midst a triumph is achieved in the shape of some hideous structure. A sign painter has an inspiration, and silently borne on the impetus of the great movement, he works to achieve his frightful end. Spies are abroad in our country-side, with dauntless determination choosing beautiful vistas for the location of hot-dogs stands and soft-drink parlours. So subtly do the workers toil that often we are scarcely aware of their achievements, but recently one of the most notable triumphs in history has been consummated in the shape of the eye-shade pest which is sweeping the country.

For those who are out of sympathy with the Organization for the Promulgation of Ugliness, an excellent game has been devised to partially relieve their shattered aesthetic sensibilities in connection with the most recent outburst. Taking the cue from that great family journal, *The New Yorker*, the game is played as follows:

Any number may play, anywhere.

For spotting a man wearing an eye-shade buying a hot dog, one point is given to the spotter. For a taxi-driver wearing an eye-shade one half point. Other tallies are given below.

For a man driving a Ford touring car decorated with snappy legends and wearing an eye-shade, one point.

For a bank president, fifteen points.

For a man arguing with a traffic cop, two points.

Riding in a street car, three points.

Chewing gum, one half point.

A woman in bloomers, two points.

Riding on a merry-go-round, one point.

Eating peanuts, one half point.

Twitting a newsboy, one point.

Reading the *American Mercury*, thirty-five points.

Reading the *New York Daily News*, one point.

Saying "So's your old man," one quarter point.

Inscription for an Apartment Door

*Nobody can Charleston
In our flat, in our flat!
Don't ever try to Charleston
Upon our flimsy floor.*

*The people who live under us
In our flat, in our flat,
They pack a wicked blunderbus!
We needn't add much more.*

A University professor, game and rubber.

Additional scores are earnestly solicited, and will be added as received.

A Matter of Good Taste

As a Canadian, one is sometimes prone to have fears for the development of our individuality and the nurturing of all that is best in our fair Dominion. Especially in our city life are the follies and foibles of Our Neighbours to the South of Us apparent. Even in the invention of asinine diversions we are lacking. We did not even invent collegiate Fords, balloon trousers or chiropractic.



BRECK

There is, however, one hopeful sign which must cause the breast of every true Canadian to swell with pride and his spirit to dilate with renewed hope, for on the opening night of a beauty contest recently held in Toronto to determine who should be the most fair to have her head turned in Atlantic City, a number of lusty Canucks, variously described as rowdies and hooligans, had the good taste to yell "Boo!", make cat calls and the like, and well-nigh ruin the contest. Surely while such good sense is to be found in our younger generation, Canada may stand erect and maintain a national life of its own.

C.N.E. Statistics

4,872 pieces of paper are left around the band stands after every concert.

1,133,047 Exhibition visitors prefer the Midway to Machinery Hall.

During Exhibition weeks the number of husbands who blame the fragrance of their lapels upon the perfume sprayers in the Manufacturers' Building is estimated at 644.

If all the snakes on view at the Exhibition were placed end to end they would not stay that way very long.

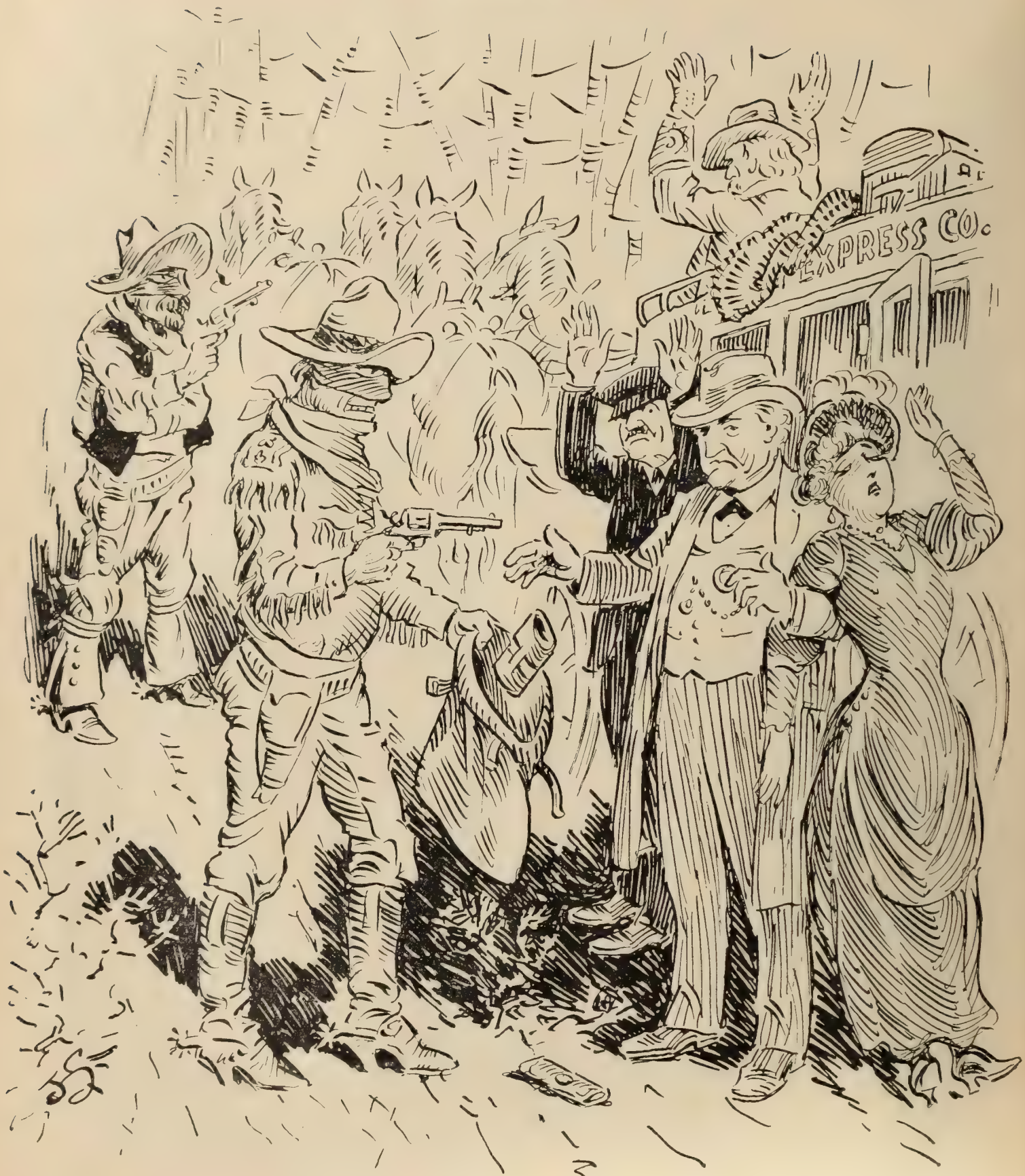
58,889 parents visit the Midway "for the sake of their children."

If the great fountain were filled with champagne it would be a pretty sight.

Two children agreed that they had had a sufficient number of hot dogs last year.

In 1916 a demonstrator for a Monster Twin Six gave away a catalogue to a small boy.

If the dignified auto salesmen in the Transportation Building and the Midway barkers changed places it would be an interesting experiment.





Then and Now

1926



"So Charlie's baby is simply crazy over him?"

"Yes; it sleeps all day while he's gone so it can stay awake when he's home at night and entertain him."

Welcome Stranger

The preacher was at ease after service Sunday night.

"Many folks in church?" said his wife.

"Yes, good attendance—and a stranger was present but I did not see him."

"But, how do you know?"

"There was a dollar bill in the contribution box."

F.H.B.

* * *

He Knew

Mr. Newwed to friend: When I returned home last night, my slippers were warmed, my pipe filled and ready, easy chair pulled up to the nice fire—wasn't that just ideal? My wife surely knows how to make me comfortable.

Friend: How did you like the hat she bought?"

* * *

Now Mitsch is Missing Link

The firm of Mitsch and Link, painters, of Reading, has dissolved partnership, and hereafter each will be in business for himself.

—Personals of Pomeroy (Ohio)
Democrat.

* * *

How long did the prodigal stay home after the calf was eaten?

Judgment Reserved

An Orange lodge has expressed great indignation at the showing in the Fine Arts Gallery at the Canadian National Exhibition of a portrait of the Pope. We reserve judgment until we have seen the portrait in question. For all we know, the insult may be the other way around.

* * *

A-hem!

Evelyn Shaffner, of Rittman, spent last week at Dewey Halliwell's.

Mrs. Dewey Halliwell was at Gill Karlon's in Albion.

—Medina (Ohio) Sentinel.

Mephistopheles, the Blind Musician and the Pageant of Beauty

Fantasy Suggested by the Beauty Contest Idea

In the soft twilight dusk of the city streets the blind musician drew his bow across the stained case of his ancient violin. And the passing feet trod a new rhythm, for the air was shot with beauty, with love, sadness and passion. The weary char paused, remembering the twilight on Hampstead Heath, and dropped a coin; a youth with the eyes of age recalled a white moment that had passed, and a little girl came timidly and touched his face with fingers of rose-petal texture. The blind musician listened as he played, listened with all his ears for the clink-chink in his upturned cap.

Suddenly the devil appeared at his left ear.

"Listen," he said. "There are women whose beauty is more wonderful than your tunes; there are women whose eyes are more to be sought than the clink-chink of a thousand new coins; the tilt of their heads is more to be desired than a score of holiday crowds. With your own eyes that have never been opened you shall behold them for an hour—for a price."

And the blind musician said, "So be it." And the devil entered into his melodies, which was part of the contract.

(Continued on page 36)



A Problem in Heavier-than-Air Machines

Literary Note

It is a fortunate thing for publishers that writers as a rule are not paid by the hour. If they were, the time sheet of the average jokesmith would cause the honest plumber to turn green with envy.

A good evening's work usually progresses along the following lines;

8.15. Remarks, "Well, guess I better work tonight."

8.30 to 8.46. Tries to think up reasons for not working.

8.46. Takes off coat and vest and dons smoking jacket

8.50. Sharpens pencil.

8.58. Decides to use typewriter instead.

9.00. Puts typewriter on dining room table, gets out sheaf of paper and scratches his head.

9.00 to 9.15. Goes on scratching head.

9.15 to 9.20. Looks for matches and cleans pipe.

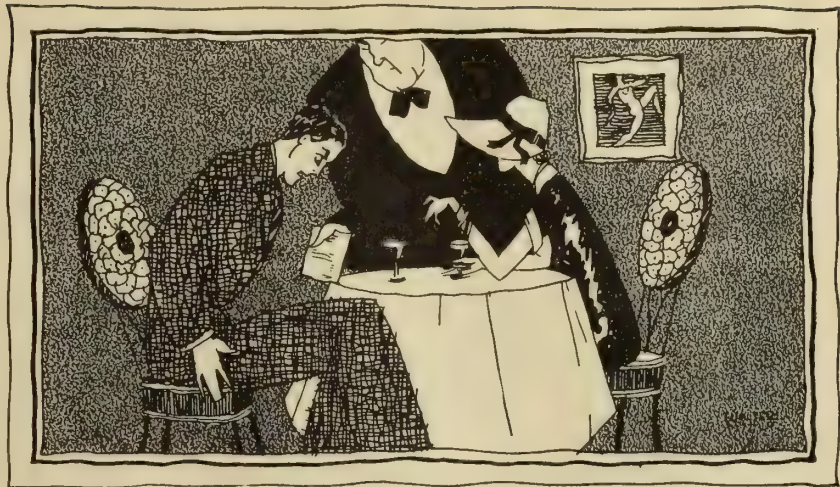
9.21. Remarks on poor light.

9.25. Sets up card table in other room and removes paraphernalia to new position.

9.35 to 9.50. Gazes at ceiling.

9.50 to 10.07. Wishes he were in the sausage business.

10.10. Types sixteen words takes



A Very High Dive

out sheet and hurls it viciously across the room.

10.15 to 10.30. Oils typewriter.

10.30. Takes off smoking jacket, rolls up sleeves and looks out window.

10.35. Hastily types eighty-five words.

10.50 to 11.00. Computes reward

at two cents a word.

11.02. Remembers garage bill.

11.03. Types five hundred word article.

11.30. Tries to read it to wife.

11.31 to 11.45. Feels injured.

12.09. Falls asleep.

—Alden Daniels.

Modern Nursery Rhymes

By Stephen Moon

*There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous rash,
He took his wife to the motor show
And signed away his cash.*

*And when he saw his cash was gone,
With all his might and main,
He mortgaged everything he owned
To get it back again.*

* * *

*Sing a song of Beauties,
Walking in a row,
Noses tilted slightly up,
And steps sedate and slow.*

*When the contest opened,
To stares and glares and nudges,
Wasn't that a pretty dish
To set before the Judges?*

* * *

*Hi diddle diddle,
September (the middle),
The people went out to vote.
The Progressives laughed
To see such sport,
And took home the extras to gloat!*

*As I was going to the C.N.E.
I met a man with his family;
Each child had seven pockets,
And each pocket had seven samples.
Tell, how far did the man walk that day?*

* * *

*Now old Mac. King
Was a merry old thing,
And a merry old thing was he,
And he called for his seat
And he called for his press,
And a fat majority.*

*Now every member has a very fine
vote,
And a very fine vote has he;
For there's nought so fair
As can compare
With a fat majority.*

* * *

*Needles and pins,
Needles and pins,
After election
The grafting begins.*



"I hear that Bim has a \$5,000 car?"
"But where did he get the \$5,000?"
"Oh, he's just got the car so far!"



The Umpire: "Hey, Spike, I'll give yuh two cents if yuh'll take my job."

Saint Antin

St. Antin roofs are red and brown,
Ivy clad the steeple,
And well I love the pretty town
But ah, the raucous people!

The burghers wrangle in the mart
And squabble in the street
Anent the price of horse or cart
Or cabbages or meat.

But, playground of the hares and
winds,
Above St. Antin lie
The hills where seven purple pines
Press hard against the sky.

The white road from the noisy ville
Climbs upward in a rout
And disappears behind a hill
To rest and think, no doubt.

Although the road may be but dust
(My shoes collect a sample),
Its perspicacity I trust
And follow its example.

—Ron Everson.

* * *

An egotist is one who, reading
a book and not understanding
something in it, decides it is a
misprint

At Palm Beach said mother to
daughter:

"Show good form, dear, down at
the water";

I heard just to-day,

In a roundabout way,

She really showed more than she'd
oughter.

—R.D.L.

Etiquette

Mike Flynn had recently been divorced from his wife and it made him boil to see Pat McGuire going around with her.

Pat and the lady passed Mike on the street and Mike refused to speak to them.

The next day Mike hunted Pat down and said to him, "Th' next toime that Oi pass wid a loidy, Pat, you've got to remove yer hat."

"An' suppose Oi refuse?" came back Pat defiantly.

"Then, bedad," replied Mike, heatedly, "YOU'VE GOT TO REMOVE YER COAT!"

* * *

Nize Babies!

The Broadway booking agent had gotten wind of the fact that at a small Brooklyn theatre there was an Indian jazz orchestra that was a real hit and that if he could sign them up and get them into a first-class theatre it would be a feather in his cap.

He taxied to the theater and after they finished their act he cornered the leader and said, "So all of you are really Indians?"

"Vell," answered the leader, "vat would be de use of kiddin' you vid my make up coming off. Can't you see ve is all foolblodt?"

—Henry A. Courtney.



"Now, now, boys, show a little of that Locarno spirit!"

A Comic Poet Died

By Ronald Everson

A comic poet died, and while there stood beside his bed
The doctor who had killed him and a neat young nurse who said,
"Well there goes Mister Misterman, I guess he meant all right.
The orchestra is good at Lee's, Bob took me there last night,"
A tired-looking devil, just an under-secretary,
With bat-wings, tail and horns complete and stomach black and hairy,
Debated with an angel, who was better dressed than he,
About where Mister Misterman should spend eternity.

On either side the bed they stood, the angel yawned, began:
"As a matter of form I claim the soul of Mister Misterman."
The devil replied: "As a matter of form I have to claim him too,
But as he was a comic bard I'll give him up to you."
The shining angel stroked his wings and slowly answered him:
"Some lesser rogues, by Heaven's decree, escape the bonfire grim,
But usually the comic bards, as you know very well,
The moment someone kills them off, are hurried down to a place
other than Heaven."
The tired devil sighed and said: "Oh, all right then, I'll take him.
In life he roasted others, so in death, ha! ha! we'll bake him."
With which he pulled poor Misterman protesting from the room,
He dragged the struggling human, inch by inch, toward his doom.

The angel spread his purple wings and turned to leave as one
Whose business there was finished and whose tedious duty done.
But from the landing of the stair he heard the poet cry:
"I'm far too good for roasting, I'm too saintly far to fry.
For though in life, with tongue in cheek, I did write comic rhyme,
I never in my verse was guilty of the greater crime."
The angel posed his purple wings, the devil tugged again,
But Misterman made outcry like a damned soul in pain,
"Oh spare me from this imp," he cried, "the flames are not for me,
For though I scribbled funny verse, I WROTE NO PARODY."

The angel closed his purple wings, the devil loosed his hold,
Dead Misterman fled up the stairs a-tremble as with cold,
And while the angel clasped the man, and Heavenward poised to soar,
He questioned, "Why in thunder did you not say that before?"

So, reader, take this moral: Though your sins as scarlet be,
And even though you sink to writing comic poetry,
The imp will never drag you down to where the tall flames leap
If from the vice of parody with continence you keep.

* * *

Natural History

The little boy from the city was visiting with several of his friends on a farm and while they were playing around in a strip of woods near the house he suddenly came upon a box with a number of empty condensed milk cans in it.
"Hey, feller, come here quick," yelled the citified kid, "I've found a cow's nest!"

So the Scotchman Said . . .

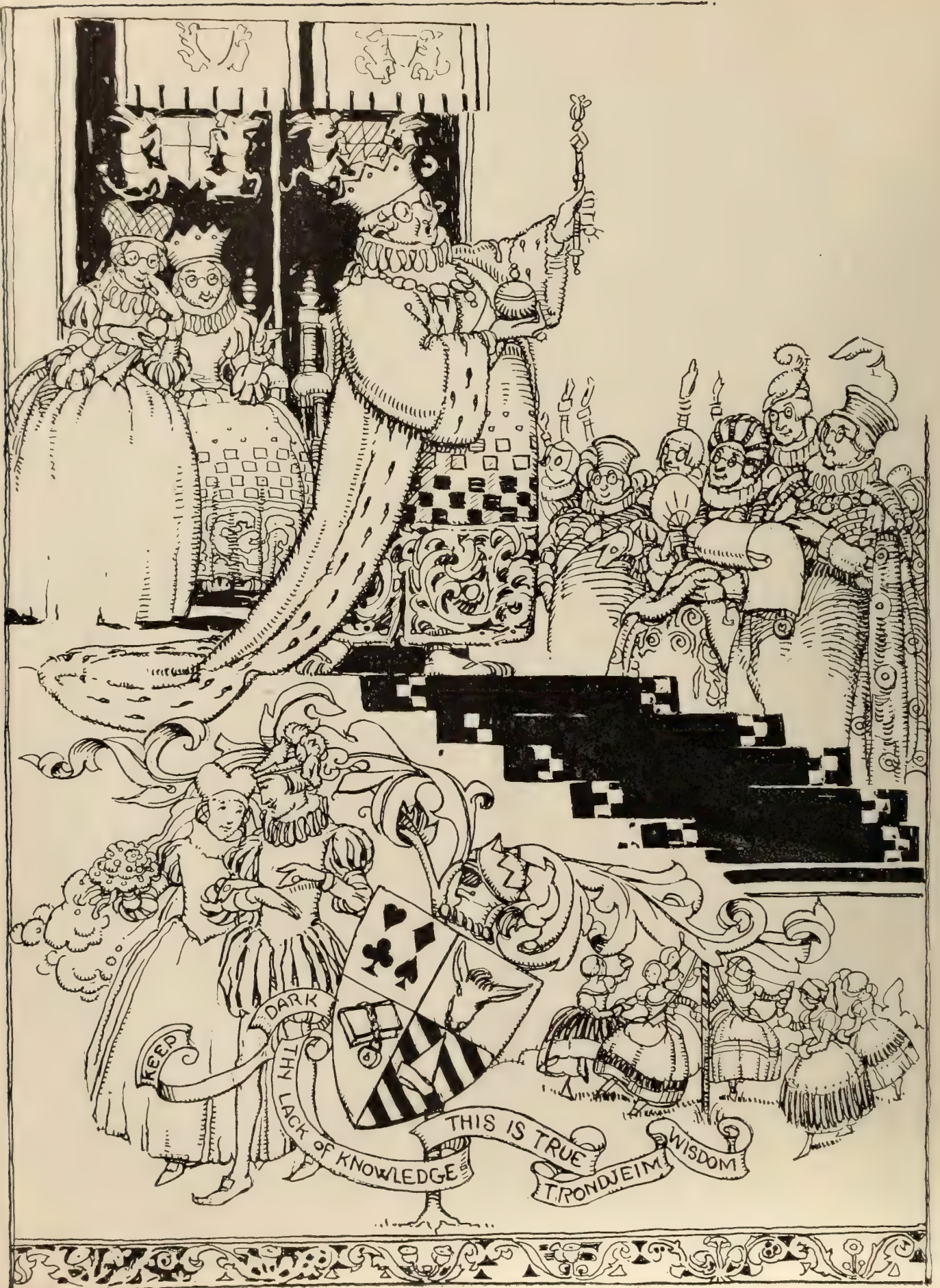
A Scotchman in a hurry to get home allowed an auto to hit him, whereupon he dropped to the pavement. The driver stopped and picked him up and put him in his car. He found a card in the victim's pocket giving an address to take him in case of accident. Starting for the address, the Scotchman cautiously opened

one eye and took in his whereabouts. When the car drove up in front of his place, he opened his eyes and said to the driver:
"Ah'm much better noo, laddie. Thankee for taking me hame."
The driver replied: "Weel, seeing ye air a brither Scotsman I'll oonly charge we half whut a taxi would. Gie me fifty cents and we'll ca' it square."
—J.E.



"Tell me, Oscar, what is alimony?"

"Alimony, my dear old friend, is coupons off the bonds of love."



How Ellida and Yarrum Were Married

A Fairy Story for Grown-ups

By RON EVERSON

YARRUM, the Under-Secretary to the Chief Secretary to the Lord Chancellor of the little kingdom of Trondjeim (which kingdom you *may* discover in Rand-McNally, but I am not sure), was sitting with his long legs twisted about his stool, his elbows clumped on the high desk before him, his chin in his hands and his forehead so much puckered that it resembled more than anything else the skin of a dried Russet. The Under-Secretary was very worried, for it was the day on which he was to have married Ellida, whose eyes were an unreal blue like sapphires seen in a wine glass; but the Chief Secretary would not grant him a holiday.

So Yarrum sat dolorously puzzling on his stool, worrying how he might obtain leave from his work. He remained until such a late hour as the Chief Secretary came down to the office. He sat there motionless until even the Lord Chancellor himself had arrived, and finally the King, Pomponious XXXVIII, came with his train and sat in state within the great throne room.

Then a smile of cunning began to appear on Yarrum's face. He was a clever fellow and knew the people of his country thoroughly. So that his smile broadened until he seized a pen and inscribed rapidly with his left hand upon parchment. To this, when he had done he affixed a seal of his own contrivance.

Immediately he slipped from his stool and hurried to the Chief Secretary.

"Our troops have stormed and taken the town of Boddell and twenty bottles of quite old Madeira. Capitulation occurred at dawn," he said breathlessly, much depended on the issue. "Here is the dispatch from General Yarb," he added.

Now before this occasion the

Chief Secretary had not heard of either the town of Boddell or of General Yarb. But although he was so unnerved by this circumstance that he upset a bottle of ink



over a copy of the *Times*, an hereditary instinct warned him not to admit to his lack of knowledge by asking questions. Instead he began to think quite quickly (for a member of the Civil Service). "I have been playing backgammon a little this week," he thought, "and so have had to leave a few minor details of the affairs of state to the Under-Secretary, and now it appears that the kingdom is engaged in a war, which is not unusual in the spring, and has won a victory, which is unprecedented."

Then the Chief Secretary peered at the dispatch. With a trembling hand he was forced to remove his eyeglasses to read the dispatch. Eyeglasses were fashionable in Trondjeim that year, being worn among the upper classes whether necessary or not (reference is to the glasses).

"This must be a proud moment

for you, sir," said Yarrum, "for General Yarb, the man whom you supported, has won a victory." And he added, "The Chancellor will be jealous when he learns of this."

So the Chief Secretary hurried in to tell the Chancellor. The latter was sitting in his office, asleep with his eyes open, a trick he had learned in the House of Lords. When awakened and told of the victory (but not of the twenty bottles of Madeira, which the Chief Secretary planned for himself), this First Minister of Trondjeim was completely bewildered. Some backgammon playing of late, he told himself, had necessitated that he leave a few of the more routine matters of state to the Chief Secretary. So that he himself had been put somewhat out of touch with his departments. For this reason he did not know whether the Kingdom was at war or no. Possibly the Department of Foreign Affairs had started a war and neglected to notify him. Or it had told him and he had forgotten.

"But the most pressing question," thought the Lord Chancellor, now thoroughly awake, "is, where is the town of Boddell and who is General Yarb?" The Chancellor had too much of the ancient Trondjeimian in him to ask these questions aloud, and being a successful politician and therefore an adept at assimilating other people's ideas on the gallop, as it were, he quickly adapted himself to the situation, and fixing the Chief Secretary with a cold eye, said slowly, as if he meant by it something of large significance "Boddell—Yarb—so!"

And immediately all the clerks in the office began to nod to each other and pronounce slowly, knowingly, "Boddell—Yarb," so that the rumour of the event was carried

(Continued on page 22)

out even as far as the throne room.

Then the Lord Chancellor, being a successful politician and therefore nimble, hurried in to the King, to be the first with the great news. Pomponious sat in state among his courtiers. He was cogitating with himself on how he had come to lose so much money on the previous evening. Meanwhile he carelessly vetoed nine or so bills which, it seems, had been passed by the legislatures of some colonies. I must confess that in regard to the location and extent of these colonies the conceptions of the King were pretty vague.

After the Lord Chancellor, with much dignity and elaboration, had announced the victory at Boddell, there was a long period of silence in the court of Trondjeim. The King and all the courtiers sat very still. For each person was thinking, "Who is Yarb and in what part of the world is Boddell?" But no one would commit himself in so far as to ask any questions.

The court looked to His Majesty for some pronouncement and the monarch consulted desperately with himself. "I have been playing a little backgammon this last week or so," he thought, "and so I have been forced to leave some of the less important matters of state to the Lord Chancellor, and so it seems he has gotten us into a war and we have achieved a victory over some peoples. For that at least I can claim great honour, as I am the first monarch of Trondjeim who has ever won a victory." And the latest of the Pompies glanced furtively about the throne room to see if anyone appeared to suspect that he had never before heard of either Boddell or Yarb.

But the courtiers were shaking like so many dust-mops out of so many windows on a Saturday morning, smirking hysterically and nodding their heads at a furious pace to prove that they knew all about the battle.

Then the King, Pomponious XXXVIII, arose from the throne



"And can you cook like mother used to?"

"Yes, if you can stand indigestion like father used to!"

of his sires and proclaimed in a great voice, "That the peoples may be reminded, during all time to come of the prowess and of the triumphs of my armies in the field, I declare this day and every anniversary of this day to be a holiday for all Trondjeim."

And so, that June afternoon, Ellida was married to Yarrum, who was a clever fellow and understood the weaknesses of his countrymen. And every June 24th for the last forty years has been a holiday in which they have celebrated their wedding."

For no one in the kingdom has found out about Boddell or General Yarb, because there is not one citizen who will admit his ignorance to the extent of asking a question.

* * *

Geography

The benighted and heathenish Hindoo,

Has to do just whatever his kin do,
He sticks to his caste

From the first to the last,
And for trousers, he just makes his skin do.

Too Much Doctor

The pain seized Dilson with terrible suddenness. We had just given up trying to get Cuba on the radio—the crystal, we concluded, was losing its sensitivity—when without warning he clapped a hand to his stomach, uttered a hollow, agonized moan, and staggered to the chesterfield.

"Phone for a doctor," he gasped.

Emergencies always rattle me. There was the time, for example, when my brother Harold cut his cheek while shaving and I tied a rope tightly around his neck to stop the bleeding. And I shall never forget—even if I am allowed to—the time my wife fainted and, getting the first-aid instructions confused, I attempted to feed her the whites of half-a-dozen eggs.

As soon as I reached for the telephone book, I could feel myself getting rattled. Normally I should have called up my own doctor. But in my excitement, I simply opened the book at random, ran down the list of names until I saw "Jenkins, Dr. A. P.," and blurted his number into the mouthpiece. Presently a deep bass voice said, "Hello!"

"Is—is Doctor Jenkins in?" I asked, my words almost drowned by a series of dreadful sounds from Dilson.

"Speaking," said the voice.

"My friend has just been overtaken by severe stomach pains, Doctor," I said. "Could you hurry over to—"



180° in the Shade



"If I were you, Billy, I wouldn't climb that tree."
"Heck, no. You couldn't!"

"I'm sorry," said the voice interrupted, "but I'm a doctor of laws. What you want is a medical man."

"A-a-a-a-ah! o-o-o-o-ph!" Dilson was groaning on the chesterfield.

Feverishly I turned over some leaves and ran down another column. Ah, at last—Nicholson, Dr. B. D. When a cool, professional voice reached me over the wire, I heaved a gusty sigh of relief.

"Doctor," I said, "there's a man here who needs your attention at once. He's suffering intense pain. If you will hurry over to—"

"I'm afraid you have made a mistake," came the cool, professional voice; "I am a doctor of divinity, not a physician."

"Oh, thanks," I muttered. Once more I grabbed up the book.

"I can't stand this much longer—not much longer," Dilson was babbling as he twisted on the chesterfield.

The next voice was a woman's. My heart sank.

"Is Doctor Stocton in?" I almost shouted.

"Yes, he is," replied the voice, calmly.

"Well, tell him to hurry over to 96 Curwood Street as fast as he can travel. A man's dying here."

(Continued on page 24)



"Did that man make the horse, Mummy?"

"Certainly not, dear."

"Well, that's funny, I just saw him tack the feet on."

Too Much Doctor

(Continued from page 23)

Tell him——"

"But Doctor Stocton is a doctor of pedagogy. What you want is a physician."

"Yes, yes, that's it—a physician," I repeated shrilly. I hung up with a wild laugh. Dilson's stertorous breathing, mingled with short, horrible gasps, sent me pawing madly again through the 'phone book.

I had high hopes when I called Dr. Verrity's number. But he turned out to be only a veterinary surgeon. I uttered a deep curse that brought an echoing grunt of pain from Dilson.

Then, in rapid succession, I unearthed a dentist, two doctors of philosophy, and a tree doctor. Finally, in a lull, it came to that Dilson was still—ominously still. A cold perspiration sprang out on me. Mastered by a terrible fear, I sprang into the sitting room. There in a strangely relaxed attitude lay Dilson. His face looked ghastly in the soft light. All the pain was gone from it. Dilson was dead.

Dilson laughed heartily when I told him about it next day.

"Well," he said, "if you will eat cream puffs before going to bed, you can expect to have fool dreams like that."

Still, it's a good thing that every person who wears the title of doctor isn't listed as such in the telephone book, isn't it?

—R. K. Hall,

* * *

Atmospheric

In an African jungle a wedding I saw,

The natives no etiquette lack;

The bride wore a gee-string according to law,

And the groom wore conventional black!

* * *

Hot Air

A poet whose first name was Peter,

On edge of fame often did teeter;

But he sadly lacked might,

And his verse was light,

SO IT WAS MEASURED BY COMMON
GAS METER!

* * *

Lots of girls are pretty good all around, if you take them that way!

His Mother-in-law, Perhaps

Mrs. Joanna Ewing called on W. D. Tucker Saturday. Mr. Tucker is still quite sick.

—From "Personals" of Cadiz (Ohio)
Democrat Sentinel.

* * *

A Stickler

Wet: "What do they call the people who ride in the last three seats of a trolley?"

Dry: "Er—I give up. What?"

Wet: "Passengers."

—Bowdoin Bear Skin.

* * *

He: "I love you."

She: "Is this a proposal, promise, insinuation, threat, command, hint, expostulation, inquiry, or just the first line to another of those antique jokes?"

—Froth.

* * *

A ducky named Sam borrowed \$25 from his friend Tom, and gave his note for the amount.

Time went on, and the note became long past due. One day the two men met on the street. Tom stopped and said, with determination: "Look heah, man, when you goin' t' pay that note?"

"I ain't got no money now," replied Sam, "but I'm goin' to pay it soon as I kin."

"Yo' been sayin' thet fer months," retorted Tom, "but it don't git me no money. Ef y' don't pay thet money here and now, y' know what I'm goin' t' do? I'm goin' to burn yer old note; then whar'll yo' be at?"

"Yas, yo' will! Yas, yo' will!" Sam shouted. "Jes' yo' burn dat note o' mine and I'll pop a lawsuit on to yo'!"

—Outlook.

* * *

Announcer: "The bar in the pole-vault is now at ten six."

Piping Voice in Rear: "Whose favour, mister?"

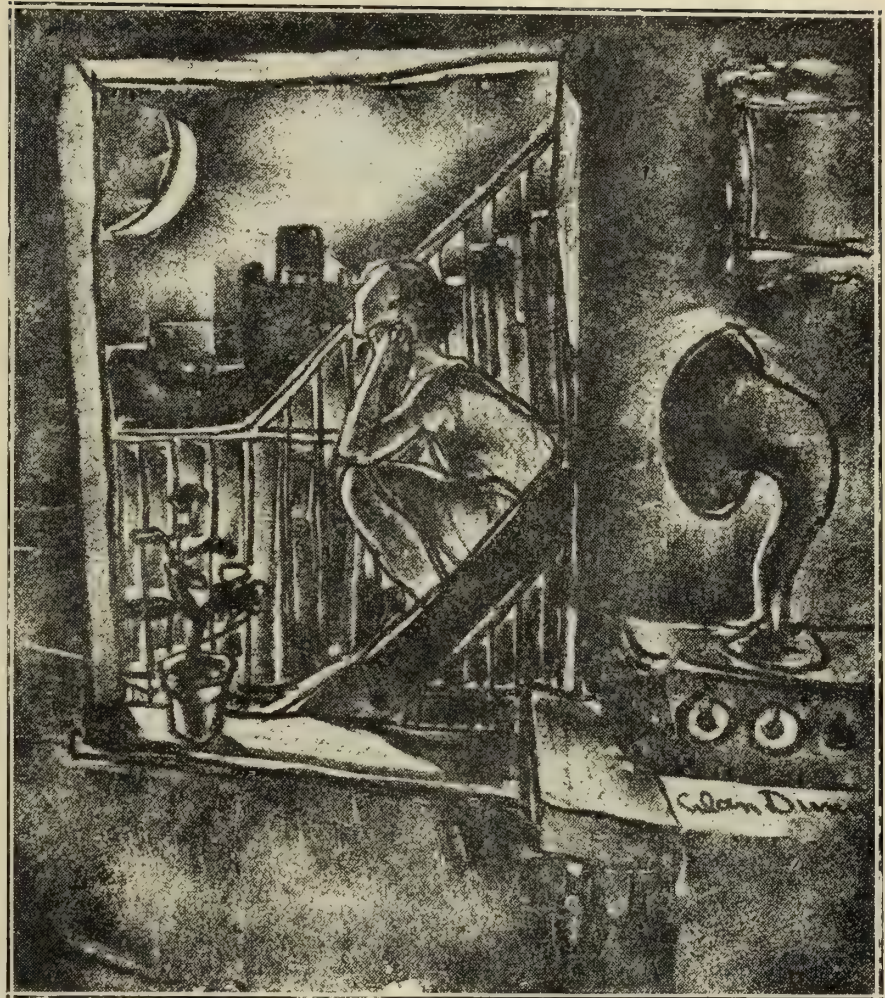
—Widow.

* * *

Mary G.: "Do you think you could learn to love me, Vernon?"

G. V. S.: "Well, I passed calculus."

—Voo Doo.



"The next selection, entitled "Moonbeams and You," is dedicated to those of our radio audience who may at this moment be resting beside their sweethearts on the cool moonlit shores of lakes and rivers, beside the glorious ocean, or far at sea."

—New Yorker.

No Reason for Haste

Passenger: "What makes this train so slow?"

Irate Conductor: "If you don't like it, get off and walk."

Passenger: "I would, only I'm not expected until train time."

—Witt.

* * *

"Where you going?"

"I am taking my son to the museum."

"Great guns, man, no! Is that so? And what is there peculiar about him?"

A Keen Joke

"Really, Mrs. Shovelhead, your argument with your husband last night was most amusing."

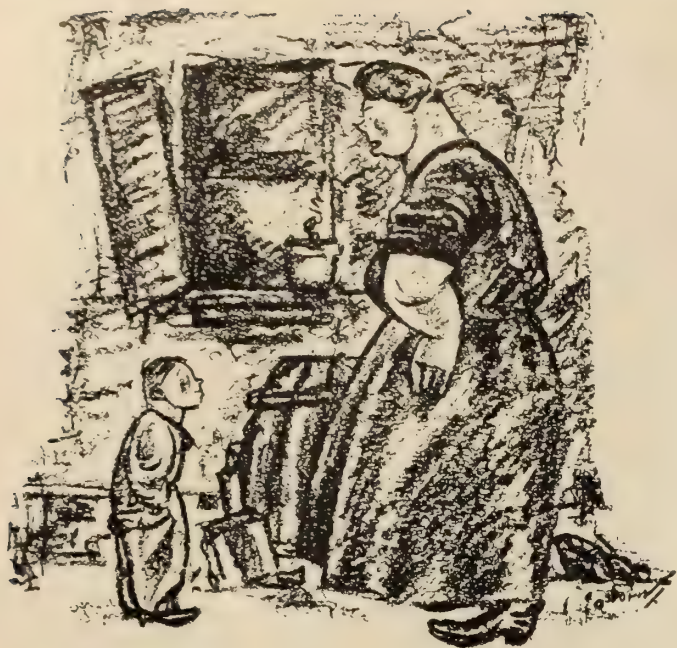
"Wasn't it, though! And do you know, when he threw that axe at me I thought I'd split."

—Juggler.

* * *

Sweet Maiden (to her boy, who has proposed marriage): "But can you support me in the manner to which the movies have accustomed me?"

—Weekly Telegraph (London).



"Hey, Ma, Crandall Van Puyster wants to know what branch of the family we sprung from."

"Tell Crandall the Murphys don't spring from anybody. They spring at thim!" —Record.

Religious

"My dear," called a wife to her husband in the next room, "what are you opening that can with?"

"Why, with a can opener," he replied. "What did you sink?"

"Well, I thought from your remarks that you were opening it with a prayer."

—Buffalo Bison.

* * *

"What is an opportunist?"

"One who meets the wolf at the door and appears the next day in a fur coat."

—Buffalo Bison.

* * *

"Have you seen Bob lately?"

"About six weeks ago."

"When you see him again, remind him that we are engaged, will you, dear?"

—London Opinion.

* * *

Marvelous, Holmes!

"I'm looking for the president of this railroad."

"Have you found him?"

"No, but I'm on his track."

—Lampoon.

* * *

"Do you love me?"

"No, that's only high blood pressure."

—Lord Jeff.

Labor Saving

Caller: "Is the editor in?"

Office Boy: "No."

Caller: "Well, just throw this poem in the wastebasket for him, will you?"

—Answers.

* * *

Definition: A pedestrian is a man whose wife has gone with the car.

—Iowa State Green Gander.

* * *

"Really, I can't play golf," the sweet young thing said. "I don't even now how to hold the caddy."

* * *

Whoops! What a queer beast the toad are.
He do be hopping from place to place,
When he walk, he hop. When he hop, he run.
Whoops! What a queer beast the toad are.

—Buffalo Bison.

* * *

Helpful Salesman: "Now that, sir, is the most becoming hat you've tried on so far."

Very Weary Customer: "I agree with you entirely—it's my own."

—Chaparral.

Cuthbert—"When is your birthday, Skippy? I want to buy you a present."

Skippy—"You're way late, boy, way late. I was born years ago."

—Pitt Panther.

* * *

Young Flapper: "Big Chief wantum sellum blanket?"

Big Chief: "Sure, you need it worse than I do."

—Skunk Cabbage.

* * *

"The Universal Watch Word—Tick!"

—Virginia Reel.



"How was the barbers' ball last night?"

"Well, I stayed until a fellow committed herpicide, and then I decided the party was too dandruff."

—California Pelican.



Myself—I am the State!

LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE VICTORY COMMITTEE

36 King Street East



TWO OR THREE GRACES. By Aldous Huxley. Macmillan Company of Canada. \$1.50.

ALDOS HUXLEY and Carl Van Vechten are interesting boys, though inclined to be at times a bit Palm Beach. They seldom say very much but they invariably say it in a highly entertaining and suitably spiced manner. They effect the continental view of sex but combine it with a certain school-boy exuberance which makes contented readers. "Two or Three Graces" is another.

It looks like a collection of short stories, but is really a novelette followed by three sketches. The novelette which gives the title to the volume concerns the diverting high jinks of one Grace Pedley, a charming and pathetic figure. Poor dear Grace is not overly supplied with brains, but has enough to get by at any smart afternoon tea. Her difficulty is that she takes herself seriously. She has a quaint habit of visualizing herself as the principal actress in an engaging and constantly changing drama. The glasses through which she regards her own antics are various and invariably dictated by the man who happens at the moment to be her companion. We meet her married to John Pedley, the ace of bores. She is playing the role to a gallery consisting of herself of the perfect wife and mother. Stimulated by new friendships, she swiftly aspires to other more difficult parts. Among others she meets Rodney Clegg, the artist, whose fine sense of colour was drawn

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE
By John Colton. Boni and Liveright, Publishers.

*If you like coffee black
And beefsteak raw with radish,
If you hate Eddie Guest
And others gladdish,*

*And if you think the play
Red hot is best, you're
Sure to like, we'd say,
"The Shanghai Gesture."*

principally from the carmines of beautiful lips and the greens of mysterious eyes. It was inevitable that poor Grace should become the prototype of the unmoral dilettante while Rodney's star was in the ascendent.

Grace's Waterloo came in the shape of Kingham, the emotional gymnast. Their liaison, beginning the the rest, finally developed into the first really genuine role of Grace's repertoire, a tragic one. Throughout the story Grace, the versatile amateur personage, holds the sympathy of the reader, who is inclined to excuse her from blame for her part in the carrying out of what appears to be her predestined fate. The discerning reader, indeed, would walk at least two blocks out of his way to avoid the woman who, finding herself married to a walking encyclopedia such as John Pedley, would not choose between hari-kari and a life of shame. There is, however, a little sympathy left over for Pedley.

He is one of those people who, like the starving Armenians, excite our sympathy when at a safe distance. The story is clever and the sketches are clever, particularly the amusing study of a Lady Bountiful, called Fairy Godmother.

PADLOCKED. By Rex Beach. Toronto: The Musson Book Co., \$2.00.

Henry Gilbert was a good man, to Mr. Beach tells us in the first sentence, whereupon the author sets about him to vigorously prove that he was nothing of the sort, that he was in short a bigoted, self-satisfied hypocrite with a yen for reforming others. His favourite pastimes were breaking up young people's parties, and spotting the mark of Cain in his fellow-men. Incidentally, before he had gone more than four chapters he succeeded in killing his wife. His daughter, Edith, is the good-looking girl with beautiful thoughts and a voice that her mother had providentially trained, so that after her father's little absent-minded murder she betakes her to Broadway. There she lands upon the stage in about two jumps, and meets the wealthy connoisseur of female beauty, Jesse Hermann, to say nothing of the aristocratic, handsome and virginal Norman Van Pelt, who is badly smitten as soon as he hears her voice over the radio and starts writing her anonymous mash notes. Now go on with the story.

Personally, as soon as the pleasure of the revelations of general

heinousness on the part of Henry Gilbert wore off, the book seemed to sink to the level of the average movie; and that is very strange, for by an odd coincidence some moving picture producer has turned out a picture by this very same name.

WINNOWNED WISDOM. By Stephen Leacock. Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.75.

Humour is a funny thing, humour is. When it comes upon you unexpectedly you appreciate it, but more often than not when you go out looking for it, it falls flat. Humour, it seems to us, is the exception to the rule, "It pays to advertise." When Charlie Chaplin was turning out comedies to fill up the remainder of a movie programme, his popularity was genuine, spontaneous and universal. He is now working upon another picture. In a few weeks his press agents will, in all probability, be telling us that it is the funniest creation the screen has ever known, and in spite of ourselves we will be inclined to believe them. Many of us will go to the theater, sit down and say "Now let me laugh." We will watch the screen avidly, saying, "Now he is going to be funny, in just a few seconds we are going to laugh." It cannot be done. The element of surprise is almost inseparable from comedy.

It seems to us that Stephen Leacock's reputation as one of the leading humorists of the world will be the greatest factor against the success of "Winnowed Wisdom." The larger the snowball gets, the less easy it is to roll forward, and Stephen Leacock has, by the success of his earlier books, created an obstacle for his later ones which it will be difficult to overcome. "Winnowed Wisdom" has all the elements of a very funny book, and if you have not read much of Leacock before, you will enjoy it. However if you are a Leacock graduate, probably the only thing that will bring you pleasure from "Winnowed Wisdom" is to take the precautionary measure of having some friend

A Little Something in the Manner of Ezra Pound

*Thucydides,
The historian,
Spent his time writing of others.*

*So that others
Now spend their time
Writing of
Thucydides.*

pan Leacock to you for a quarter of an hour before you begin reading; then you will find out how funny he really is.

MANNEQUIN. By Fannie Hurst. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. \$2.00.

This is the novel that won Miss Hurst the \$50,000.00 prize awarded by *Liberty*. In addition to securing for Miss Hurst the \$50,000.00, it also caused such a general uproar of murmuring that it is whispered Miss Hurst donated \$5,000.00 of the booty to the Authors' League of America to silence the outcry. Personally, we got something a little short of \$50,000.00 worth of pleasure out of "Mannequin." The story concerns the adventures of a beautiful

and serious-minded girl kidnapped in childhood and forced to make her way in the world alone. She falls in love with a newspaper man, and in the course of their conversations they hit upon the idea that no matter how evidently guilty a woman may be, if she is beautiful a jury will acquit her. The young reporter prepared articles backing this claim, and there is a good deal of strong feeling on the subject. Suddenly, Orchid, the flowery name the heroine has adopted, finds herself in the position they had imagined through her accidental killing of a worthless ass who had attacked her. There is, of course, drama in the situation. In fact, the whole book contains drama of the movie type and has been made into a very successful picture. Such material, however, told in Miss Hurst's scarcely excusable style, seems out of place. Something of the passion for weird metaphors found in "Apassionata," though, thank heaven, not as much, runs through "Mannequin," and has the habit of annoying the reader just enough to take his mind off the story. "Mannequin" is not such a rattling good book.

NIZE BABY! By Milt Gross. George H. Doran, Publishers. \$2.00.

Second Floor—Hm! Soch excitement was by us in de houze last night, Mrs. Feitlebaum! Was almost high-sterricks!

First Floor—So! What was?

Second Floor—Looie, dot dope, was breeng in de houze such a book was full from smot-cracks wit jokes I tut wot I'll gonna get population from de heart.

First Floor—Yi yi yi yi yi! Deedn't I heard de leffing!

Second Floor—Hm! Don't esk—was leffing wit rurring wit chockling by us all night.

Fourth Floor—Nize baby zipp up all de crim salary soup so momma'll gonna tell you a sturry from Meelt Gross. Dot dope was werry werry reedictulous. Was called "Nize Baby." You should read it!" —J. E. McD.



"How about your marrying Marie?"
"Oh, that's postponed for a year anyway."
"Why?"
"She married someone else."

Sail to New France

Quaint Quebec Offers You All the Glamour of the Old World

There is more history wrapped up in the silence of Quebec's grim, gray battlements—more romance buried under her ancient walls—more mystery veiled by the atmosphere of departed centuries, than is to be found anywhere else in America.

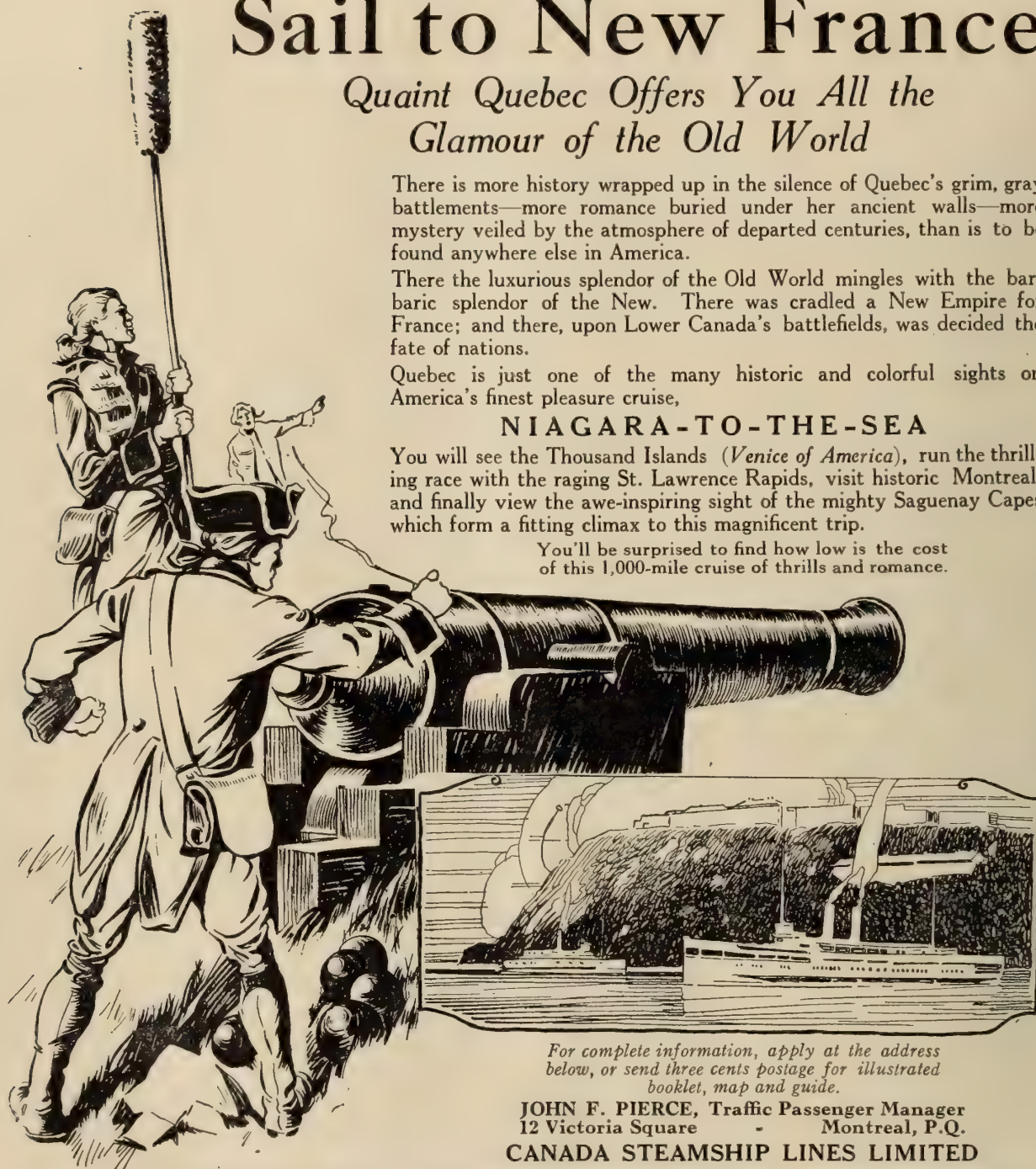
There the luxurious splendor of the Old World mingles with the barbaric splendor of the New. There was cradled a New Empire for France; and there, upon Lower Canada's battlefields, was decided the fate of nations.

Quebec is just one of the many historic and colorful sights on America's finest pleasure cruise,

NIAGARA-TO-THE-SEA

You will see the Thousand Islands (*Venice of America*), run the thrilling race with the raging St. Lawrence Rapids, visit historic Montreal, and finally view the awe-inspiring sight of the mighty Saguenay Capes which form a fitting climax to this magnificent trip.

You'll be surprised to find how low is the cost of this 1,000-mile cruise of thrills and romance.



For complete information, apply at the address below, or send three cents postage for illustrated booklet, map and guide.

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Add a Teaspoonful of
Bovril to every two
eggs. Mix in usual way

BOVRIL

Makes Them Delicious H

The tramp paused outside the house.

"Clear out!" shouted the lady of the house. "I ain't got no wood to chop. There ain't nothin' you could do around here."

"But, madam, there is," retorted the wayfarer, with dignity; "I could give you a few lessons in grammar." —*Black and Blue Jay.*

* * *

Blase: "Oh, yes! We stopped at the Astor."

Base—"Did you go in?"

—*Chanticleer.*

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Downtown Store, 92 Yonge St.

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72 and 80 WEST BLOOR ST.

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LUNCHEON

AFTERNOON TEA

DINNER

Sunday night supper will be
served in Annex until 9.30

Telephone: R. 4382

Obituary

Cheery Soul (to friend): Lawks, my dear, wot a turn you give me. I thought you was dead—strite, I did. I've heard several people speaking well of yer lately.

—*Punch.*

* * *

Girl Motorist (hysterically, to judge): "Oh, Your Honour! I have run down a law student, and killed him!"

Judge: "You'll have to see the Sheriff. He's the man that pays the bounties."

—*Kittykat.*

* * *

Go Right Ahead

Kate: "They say you have a very good ear for music."

Katerina: "Yes? Never mind, keep on playing."

—*Cracker.*

* * *

"I've had my pictures taken."

"Got the proofs?"

"No, dear; you'll have to take my word for it."

—*Lord Jeff.*

* * *

Statistic

Tobacco is found in many of the Southern States and in some cigars.

—*Life.*

* * *

Helen: "Gracious, it's been five years since I've seen you. You look lots older, too."

Kitty: "Really, my dear? I doubt if I would have recognized you, but for your coat."

—*Virginia Reel.*

* * *

Reduced

"Do you close at five o'clock?"

"Vell, ve are having a sale dis veek, and ve close at 4:38, prompt."

—*Whirlwind.*

* * *

The Rev. John S. Cole preached upon the fact that life has its chief inspiration in immorality.—*Iowa paper.*

Amen.

—*New Yorker.*

* * *

He: "I want to marry your daughter."

Father: "Have you seen my wife yet?"

He: "Yes, but nevertheless I still prefer your daughter."

—*Siren.*

STOPS



TRAIN SICKNESS

Mothersill's prevents exhaustion, nausea, dizziness and faintness of Train Travel. Journey by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air in Health and Comfort. 33

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
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25 Years In Use



"How long is it since you were before the court?"

"Twenty years!"

"What have you been doing in that time?"

"I have been in jail!"

—*Pasquino, Turin.*



The Seductive Touch of the Orient

—this alluring, fascinating attractive beauty with its subtle, mystic appeal can be yours. Possess this bewitching appearance thru.

34

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Made in White - Flesh - Rachel
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Come this summer to the woods of Ontario for a camping trip or a sojourn at one of the many comfortable hotels of this beautiful district.



For information, literature, fares, etc., apply to the nearest Agent of the Canadian National Railways.

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Song of the Wage Slave

Take me to the far-off southland, where the wealthy people go;
Let me lie on golden beaches and forget the frost and snow;
Take me where eternal summer lingers by the coral strand,
So that I may sit and listen to the playing of the band.
Take me where the orange and grapefruit ripen in the tropic breeze,
And the sugar cane is growing higher than the pepper trees;
Take me to the land of promise where the climate's always hot,
But when I arrive there, brother, don't insist I buy a lot.
—Robert D. Little.

The Unstrung Hero

I really can't understand
Why I never make a hit
With all the women.
I am tall and handsome.
I am always on the field during the football games.
I am a holy terror on the basketball court.
I'm a weasel when it comes to water sports.
Yet I never seem to be able to make a girl like me.
Instead of being praised and cheered, all I get is cat-calls and jeers.
And still I can't understand what is the matter.
I've won many games for the old college,
Gosh, I really think I'll quit being an umpire.
—J. S.

Household Hint

"Prithee, Melachrino, come forth with a right subtle response—what does one do with the left part of a duck?"

"Cheerio, Meerschauum, and 'tis easily answered. One makes hash, of course."

—Purple Cow.

Talking

They sat beside a brook. He spoke of Spencer,
The poet's poet, read by very few,
And as his words grew more abstruse and denser,
The maiden mused his eyes could be so blue.

He talked about the dramas done by Lessing,
Their literary quality and place,
While she remained, within her mind, caressing,
With finger tips, his serious, youthful face.

Of Conrad's rheumatism then he told her,
And how the sailor wrote his tales of ships.
The lady sighed: "While we are growing older . . ."
And fancifully she watched his moving lips.

But on he talked with dignity and power
To the main sitting by him at the brook,
And still he might be talking at this hour;
But she knew things not taught one in a book.

And that is why she interrupted rudely,
"I think it's time you kissed me, dear, don't you?"
So now they live at 47 Brudley
And she does all the talking for the two.

—Ronald Everson.



Think Good, Petey, Ol' Boy!

A New Kind of Limerick Contest

This month, by way of a change, instead of giving you everything but the last line, you have the fun of constructing the whole limerick, BUT it must be about your own home town. For example:

"A youngster who hailed from *Penang*
Was convicted and sentenced to hang,
He replied from the rope,
When they offered him soap,
'No thanks, I prefer a meringue!'"

Crazy, isn't it? Anybody can do it; most people have; a lot of people will this month. Don't forget: you own home town *must* be mentioned, preferably in rhyming position.

Prizes

First Prize: \$20.00 if winner is a subscriber to GOBLIN, or if he sends in a subscription with his contribution; \$10.00 if not a subscriber.

Five Prizes of \$2.00 to subscribers, or \$1.00 to non-subscribers.

Subscriptions may be sent in with answers by using the form modestly concealed in these pages.

Rules

- (1) Prizes go to the writer of the cleverest and most original limerick.
- (2) Last lines must be in our hands by September 15th.
- (3) Results will be published in the October number of GOBLIN.
- (4) Members of the firm may not win prizes.
- (5) Send as many limericks as you wish.

Last Month's Winners

First prize for last month's contest goes to Mr. R. W. Reay, 334 Gladstone Avenue, Toronto, for the following:

Matilda and lovely Hortense
In red dresses sat on a fence,
But the sight met the eye
Of a bull passing by,
As he "Tosti's Goodbye" 'twas immense.

The five second prizes of one or two dollars go to the authors of the following last lines:

Mrs. Wm. Low, 9 Trafalgar St., St. Catharines, Ont.:
"An' they ain't ben a-sittin' there since!"

Frances Shenstone, R.R. No. 1, Allandale, Ont.:
"And they soon hoped for no passing gents."

Miss G. H. Cross, Box 125, Oakville, Ont.:
"And they're spoken of now in past tense."

W. P. Mackay, Simcoe, Ont.:
"Then the phrase 'scarlet runner' made sense."

Miss W. Webb, 3 Sussex Ave., Toronto:
"The traffic was very intense."

Honourable mention goes to the following:

R. L. Leslie,
110 10th St. West,
Owen Sound, Ont.

W. Heming,
c/o Heming Bros.,
Sun Life Bldg.,
Hamilton, Ont.

Miss Ethel Wheeler,
47 Coursol St.,
Montreal, P.Q.

George W. Lyon,
629 Clyde St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. G. C. Brooks,
26a Wolfe St.,
Sherbrooke, P.Q.

Peggy Petersen,
561 Humboldt Parkway,
Buffalo, N.Y.

PERHAPS there is some reader who, owing to our modest habit of secreting our subscription coupons, has been unable to find one. PERHAPS his name is too long for the short space we allowed. WELL, how about this one?

CUT ALONG HERE

GOBLIN
10 Adelaide St. E.
Toronto 2

Dear Goblin:

After looking in vain
for a coupon for five years I found this one
with the aid of a microscope and six blood-
hounds. I enclose \$5.00 for two years
\$3.00 for one year of Goblin.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

TOWN

PROVINCE

Heredity

A professor, coming to one of his classes a little late, found a most uncomplimentary caricature of himself drawn on the board. Turning to the student nearest to him he angrily inquired:

"Do you know who is responsible for that atrocity?"

"No, sir, I don't," replied the student, "but I strongly suspect his parents." —*Voo Doo.*

* * *

He: "Get out of the way, boy!"

Him: "Go on with that juvenile stuff! I knew you when you were a worried look on your father's face." —*Rice Owl.*

* * *

Fair Enough

"So you and Lou are all off each other?"

"Uh-huh."

"Did she return your pin?"

"She invited me to drop around to her apartment some night and pick it out." —*Friool.*

* * *

"George broke up my party the other evening. He started to tell a naughty story and I had to send him home."

"Well?"

"But all the rest followed him home to hear the end of it." —*Pelican.*

* * *

Obvious

He: "Dearest, am I the first man that ever held you in his arms?"

She: "Yes, of course. Why do you men always ask the same question?" —*Flamingo.*

* * *

"I wish you wouldn't knit at meals. I can't tell where my spaghetti leaves off and your sweater begins." —*Columbus.*

* * *

Voice from the Synagogue—"I vant it some peppeh."

Just a voice—"What kind of pepper do you want, red, cayenne, or black?"

V. F. T. S.—"I vant it some writing peppeh." —*Middlebury Blue Baboon.*

* * *

"I'm going to marry a pretty girl and a good cook."

"You can't. That's bigamy." —*Brambler*

* * *

"Why use such a high crib for your baby?"

"So we can hear him when he falls out." —*C.C.N.Y. Mercury.*

* * *

Tact

Hostess (to gentleman standing alone)—"Don't you want me to find you a partner?"

"Thank you, madam, but I'm afraid the other waiters will be jealous." —*Pitt Panther.*

* * *

"Was I drunk last night?"

"Were you? You took your hat off and went around taking a collection for the Dead Sea." —*Octopus.*



Mrs. Jones—"How's your new iceman?"

Mrs. Smith—"Why, my dear, he's simply marvelous. He made three touchdowns in his last game." —*Flamingo.*

* * *

Economy

"So you and Harry aren't going to be married this month?"

"No, not for quite a while, I guess. You see, he paid a year's dues to the bachelor's club, in advance." —*Flamingo.*

* * *

Celebrating

Lady—"Why have they let all the monkeys out of their cages?"

Zoo Attendant—"Holiday, mum. This is Darwin's birthday." —*Wieow.*

* * *

Fame

"Well, Bobbie, I hear that you have another baby at your house."

"Yeh, and maw says if we get one more we can get in the Pathe News Reel." —*Wabash Caveman.*

* * *

"William inherited \$10,000."

"I heard it was \$100,000."

"Well, dear, you must have heard it after I did." —*Sniper.*

* * *

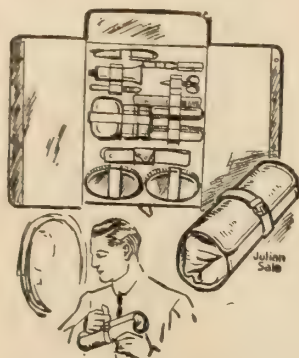
More Tact

Jack—"Will you marry me?"

Anne—"But I'm a married woman."

Jack—"No, you're a widow. Now don't say I didn't try to break it gently." —*Virginia Reel.*

LITTLE REQUISITES THAT GIVE A BIT OF LUXURY TOUCH TO TRAVEL



Tell you why!

Nice to hop from your berth and hie to the dressing room of sleeper or stateroom and feel that you can "make your toilet" with all the comfort and care that you may "back home" in your own boudoir.

Listen! That it may be so, set yourself back the few or more dollars it will cost to add to your toilet furnishings one of those completely fitted dressing cases from the "Julian Sale" assortment.

All the little requirements, conveniently and compactly arranged—just the necessary things. Ebony, of course, for the gentlemen is quite proper. Priced \$5.00 to \$35.00.

If you need Brushes only, very well! A pair of them—ebony in leather case, \$5.00 to \$13.00.

"Julian Sale" goods distributed by 2,000 dealers in Canada.

By the way, have you bought your

BUXTON KEYTAINER?

If not, go get one. Count yourself in with the 50,000,000 who have and get the benefit of the "Lost Keys Returned to Owner—Free Service."

THE JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS COMPANY
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Retail Store: 105 King Street West, Toronto

Mephistopheles, the Blind Musician and the Pageant of Beauty

(Continued from page 16)

Where the devil and the blind musician were walking a great multitude had gathered. Suddenly the devil removed the veil from the blind musician's eyes. Fifty girls walked slowly between two walls of human beings who tittered, leered and jeered each in his own fashion.

"What is this?" asked the musician.

"They are met," replied the devil, "to determine who is the most fair."

The girls drew near, but the musician covered his eyes. "Listen," whispered the devil. "The first girl is Miss Vanity, the second is Miss Stupidity, the third is Miss Folly, the fourth is Miss

Greed, the fifth is Miss Envy. Are they not fair?" But the musician had turned away and the devil laughed.

In the insidious dusk of the city streets the blind musician draws his bow across his violin and the passing feet tread in a rhythm that is as old as Nineveh. The coins clink-chink in his upturned cap, but the blind musician does not hear them. He awaits the touch of fingers of the texture of rose-petals that comes no more.

—Stephen Moon.

* * *

Charted

Sam—"Bo', have you done got a piece of chalk?"

Bo—"What you all wants chalk foh?"

Sam—"Fool, ah wants to part mah hair in de middle."

—Meeley

Passionate Letters to Public Utilities

Dear Milkman:

What have I done that you won't read my letters any more?

Every day for six days I've left a note for you stuck up against the steel door of the apartment—and very hard it is, too, to get a foothold for a pin in that door. Every day I've written you on different paper so that you won't think it's the same note. I've written on yellow typewriter paper. I've written on paper-bag paper. I've written you on French blue and even hand-pressed Italian linen in an effort to appeal to your national pride.

Sometimes they are left sticking in the door, sometimes they are crumpled on the floor, but for all the good they do, I feel that you never read them.

I'm afraid you aren't interested in me any more. Please tell me if I am beginning to bore you. Rather than do that I'd much rather break everything off at once and get my milk from the grocery store.

This is my last letter. And this is the last thing I shall ever ask of you. Please stop leaving me Grade B milk and leave me a half pint of cream.

—New Yorker.

Sidney McCranie, of the Boeeker Ice Cream Company's plant in Longview, Texas, was quietly carried to Miss Bernice Henderson of that city, the Rev. Mr. Daily officiating.—*Atlantic Trade Paper*.

Possibly she had never seen him like that before. —*New Yorker*.

How to Be Popular

If you want to be popular, it's easy enough. In fact it isn't hard. All you've got to do is to read fifteen minutes a day, have a sweet breath, learn to dance the new easy way, finish that book in which you've never "got to that page yet," and be able to pick up any instrument and play it (including the piano), but be sure you learn to play it the new easy way or else it won't count. If you master all this, you're pretty safe anywhere. But if perchance you go out to dinner, and thoughtlessly put toilet water on your shredded wheat, just nonchalantly light a Deity.

—Brown Jug.



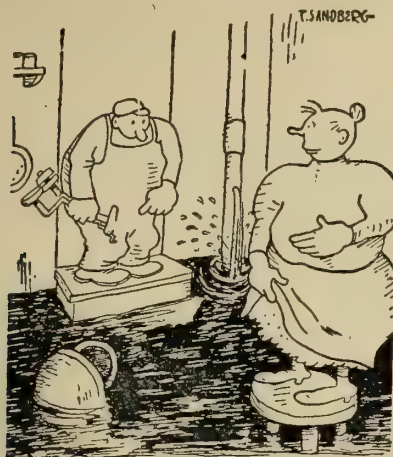
"I tell you, Bill, as far as the political situation goes, the mud-slinging and rabid writing indulged in by the newspapers is bound to result in general disgust with the whole works."

"Don't say 'the' newspapers, Harry. Perhaps that's true of many, but I can think of one that has always conducted a keen, vigorous campaign that commands your respect as well as your attention whether you be Liberal or Conservative."

"Yes, one. I'll except the *Mail and Empire*."

The Mail and Empire

\$5.00 BY MAIL. \$6.00 DELIVERED



Plumber: "Excuse me, but have you a burst pipe here?"

—Sondagsnisse-Strix, Stockholm.

Co-ed.—"John and I are engaged."

Friend—"No! You don't mean it!"

Co-ed.—"No, but he thinks I do."

—Green Gander.

* * *

"Oh, ma! C'mere, quick!"

"What is it, Mary?"

"Look, Johnny ate all the raisins off that sticky brown paper."

—Moonshine.

* * *

Getting the baby to sleep is hardest when she is about eighteen years old.—Life.

**Carry it
always
with
you!**

WRIGLEYS

Keeps teeth
clean, breath sweet,
appetite keen and
digestion good.

Great after
smoking

WRIGLEY'S
Spearmint
Doublemint
Juicy Fruit
and Nips

CG 14

After Every Meal

Blood impurities cause rash, pimples and sallowness. The regular use of ENO brings a clear and healthy skin, because ENO assists nature to expel impurities and poisons. For a good complexion try a dash of ENO each morning in a glass of water.

ENO
for the
COMPLEXION

Everything comes to him who orders hash.

—Froth.

* * *

Man at Telephone: "Zander! Zander! Z! Z! No, not C! A BCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUW XYZ!!"

—Pelican.

* * *

He: "Is what I hear about you true?"

She: "No, it's not. What is it?"

—Wampus.

* * *

Amateur Hunter: "What is the name of the species I have shot?"

Guide: "I've just been investigating and he says his name is Smith."

—Royal Purple.

* * *

Cheaper

The lady shopper had looked through 147 patterns for a new suit for her husband.

"I don't see just the right thing," she decided at last. "I want to surprise my husband on his birthday."

"Well," suggested the exhausted tailor, "why don't you hide behind a chair and yell 'Boo!' at him?"

—Octopus.

* * *

Landlady: How do you like our accommodations?

Stude: They bite like hell.

—Parraquet.

Farmer (as he leads his cow up the mountainside): "There's not much to eat here, but there's a dandy view."



Niagara Falls Tourists Prefer This Buffalo Hotel

CANADIANS like the home-like comfort of this modern, fire-proof hotel, with its complete service, attractive outside rooms and excellent cuisine.

Hotel Lenox is not too large for personal attention to guests—250 rooms. Quietly situated, convenient to shops, clubs and theatres. The rates are moderate—\$2.00 to \$5.00 per day for single rooms; \$3.00 to \$7.00 per day for double rooms.

Special taxi service to the Hotel. Ask the VanDyke Agent at the Station or Wharf.

Motorists follow Main Street or Delaware Avenue to North Street.

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Write for FREE Road Guides, Maps and Hotel Booklet.

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North St. just west of Delaware Ave.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

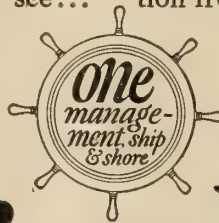
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Do You Know That—

If you save one dollar a week, you will save up a million dollars in 20,000 years?

The annual consumption of gasoline in the United States is stupendous?

If all the trolley tracks from Boston to New York were laid end to end, one end would be in Boston and the other end in New York.

—Bean-pot.

* * *

Awful!

Somewhere a voice is calling,

Somewhere the leaves are falling.
Somewhere melodies are rendered,
Somewhere suspenders.

—Juggler.

* * *

Cash!

"What do you charge for rooms?"

"Ten dollars up."

"But, madam, I am a student."

"Then, it's ten dollars down."

—Yellow Jacket.

Discovered

Old Greek—"Well, bud, how did you find the initiation?"

New Greek—"Didn't have to find it. Just stooped over and there it was."

—Octopus.

* * *

Strange!

Two deaf men meet on the same road.

First Deaf Man: "How do you do?"

Second Deaf Man: "How do you do?"

First d. m.: "Going fishing?"

Second d. m.: "No, I'm going fishing."

First d. m.: "Oh, I thought you said you were going fishing."

—Buccaneer.

* * *

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has arrested the man who put a chameleon on a college man's sweater and said, "Now, Mealie, do your stuff."

—Brown Jug.

Judge (to culprit)—"So we caught you with a bundle of silverware, eh? Whom did you rob?"

Inexperienced Burglar—"Two fraternity houses, sir."

Judge (to orderly)—"Call up all of the down-town hotels and have them claim this stuff."

—Ex.

* * *

Propinquity

Mr. Snapper—"Very often the biggest fools have very beautiful wives."

Mrs. Gabber—"Oh, thank you, sir. You and my husband are such good friends too!"

* * *

"I passed your house last night."
"Thanks."

—Punch Bowl.

* * *

As Hard-hearted Hannah said to the Prince of Wales, "Go on home, kid, and come back when you're king."

—Voo Doo.

MONEY!

This magazine is looking for stories with the mark of youth on them—stories which hold delight—stories which catch that gay and everlasting sparkle which belongs to our young people.

To encourage new writers, to introduce their work not only to magazine readers but to the great film audience of the world, we offer \$10,000 for an acceptable story . . . and \$1,000 for every additional story or idea which pleases.

To the word contest we have brought new interest and dignity. This is an exciting adventure in which the rewards are certain, and very great.



CollegeHumor

On Sale Everywhere

August 1

Travel Is Really Broadening

"Oh, my dear girl, Florence is *wonderful*; I mean it! Don't miss it! That rag market! Such bargains! Do you mean you didn't see the luncheon set Ethel got for practically nothing? Practically nothing, my dear; I mean it! And the cutwork in it is really exquisite. Whatever you do, don't miss Florence; I mean it. Rome? It's all right, I guess. I mean, one can shop some, but nothing like Florence or Milan. Know what I mean? Cute little leather cigarette cases and card cases, but save your real shopping for Florence. Shawls and scarves for practically nothing, really. Venice? Venice—let me see—what did we buy in Venice? Oh, I remember now—nothing but those cunning little toy gondolas for the children. They loved them. And Harry got fearfully stung on a lace bedspread there—as if *anybody* ever used lace bedspreads any more! Aren't men the limit? My dear, he got away from me in Brussels and bought gobs and gobs of the most dreadful lace. What could I do with it? I was ashamed to give it to Emma or Agnes, even. No, I didn't care a great deal for Brussels. Mamma got a real pretty pocketbook there, not cheap compared with Italy or Austria, though. Yes, we were pretty nearly everywhere. Of course, we were over nearly ten weeks. Um hum, I loved it, such an education!"

—G. Schwabe, "New Yorker."



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Quick Relief for CUTS BURNS BITES

Dodd's Antiseptic Healing Ointment is a safe, soothing treatment for all skin abrasions, infections and irritations. Its powerful, antiseptic action prevents infection of open wounds and enables the exceptional healing qualities of this famous ointment to quickly relieve pain and irritation and bring about a speedy recovery.

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50c At All Druggists

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MAIL THIS FOR SAMPLE

Enclose this coupon with your name and address and 3c stamp to The Dodds Medicine Co. Ltd., Toronto 2, Ont., for trial tin of Dodd's Antiseptic Healing Ointment.

Tourist: "What is the name of that convent?"

Guide: "'Sears-Roebuck'; it's a male order."

* * *

Wife: Where did all those empty bottles come from, John?

Husband: Search me; I never bought an empty bottle in my life.

—Ex.

"Have you read *Silks and Satins*? No, but I have red flannels."

* * *

"The funniest thing happened to me last night."

"Yeah?"

"I dreamed that I was eating shredded wheat, and when I woke up, half of my mattress was gone."

—The Gargoyle.



"Now, have you finished crying?"

"No. I am only having a rest!"

—Journal Amusant, Paris.

Little Boy (sight-seeing in Washington)—"Hey, poppa, when are we goin' to see the red tape, huh, poppa?"

—Chaparral.

* * *

Sharp: Do you play the piano by ear or by note?

Flat: I get it down and play it by brute strength.

—Ex.

* * *

"I had to discharge my nurse for the most horrible cruelty."

"What did she do?"

"Kicked my poor darling Fido for biting the baby."

—London Opinion.

* * *

A certain country minister posted this notice on the church door: "Brother Smith departed for heaven at four-thirty a.m." The next day he found written below: "Heaven, nine a.m, Smith not in yet. Great anxiety."

—Mugwump.

* * *

Large Person: "My boy, if you keep on smoking, you'll never grow up to be like me."

Small Person: "Good Gawd! Gimme a light."

—Ex.

* * *

"How did you like 'Hamlet'?"

"All right, but there were too many quotations in it."

—Ex.

* * *

"Damn that new roommate of mine."

"What's she been doing now? Wearing your new hat again?"

"No; she forgot to answer that last letter Jimmy wrote me."

—Ex.

The New

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EDISON Mazda announces the greatest achievement in lamp making of the past ten years—a NEW, better, stronger MAZDA Lamp, *frosted on the inside*. This lamp is of a new, pleasing design and in a neutral, pearl grey tint that blends with any decorative scheme. The inside frosting

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